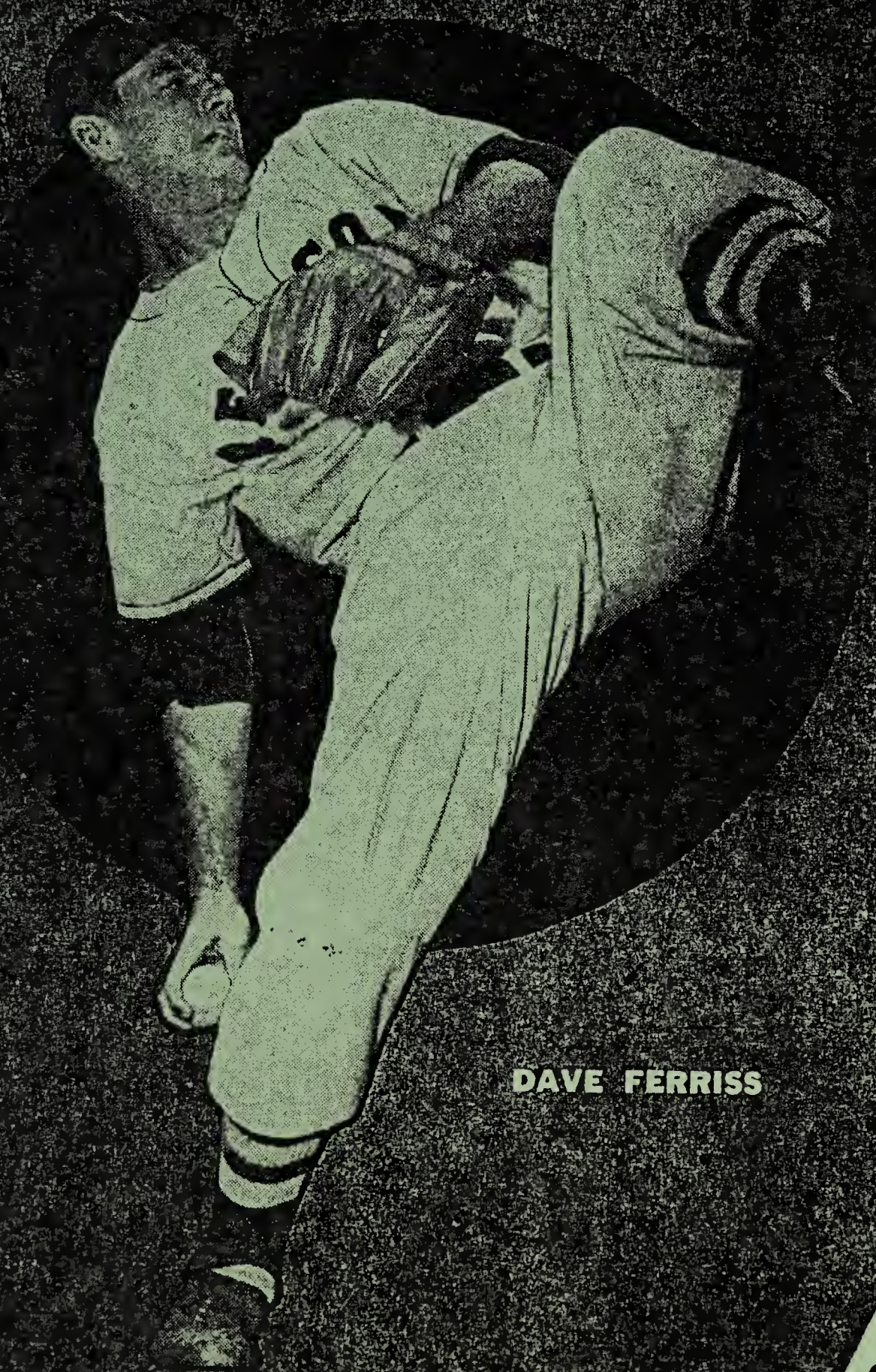


Boston **Red Sox**
American League 1946 Champion



DAVE FERRISS

25
CENTS

BASEBALL SOUVENIR
PUBLISHED BY THE BOSTON GLOBE



The Season of 1946!

By Jerry Nason

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NO ONE HAS followed the Red Sox more enthusiastically or more closely through the season, than Globe's Sports Editor JERRY NASON. Consequently he was able to turn his hand to the following summary of the season with excellent and expert results.

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AROUND OUR SHOP ever since the writer has been a part of it—and perhaps for the last 28 years, for all I know—it has been more or less traditional, when the Red Sox won their opening game of the season, for somebody to say, “Well, it looks like a pennant.”

And that is why, on the evening of April 16, 1946, the night editor, Victor O. Jones, came to the head of the stairs leading down to the Sports Department, grinned, and remarked, “It looks like a pennant!”

But this time, unlike years gone by, nobody smirked and made the traditional rejoinder: “The Sox can’t miss!” It did look like a pennant.

On the copy desk they were handling the staff report out of Washington. Looking back on it now, it was a report filled with promise. Tex Hughson, back from the wars, had pitched a 6-3 victory over the Senators. Ted Williams, back from the wars, had hit a home run. Rudy York, acquired from Detroit to plug up first base, had made two hits.

From April 16 to the 30th day of September is a long journey, fraught with peril for pennant contenders . . . but as the business of writing and editing that first chapter of the Red Sox’ thrust of 1946 went on, and the hungry maws of the linotype machines waited to bring the result to Globe readers, hope was bursting into flame.

There are no more ardent fans than those men who write and edit the baseball news. And now, for the first time since the Red Sox of the late ’30s had gone into New York to whip the dam-Yankees in five straight contests, pennant fever burned in the eyes that peered at the typewriter keyboard or scanned copy on the desk.

The Red Sox got York on January 4, in a trade with Detroit—and this date is mentioned because it is around which

any Boston fanatic must make a red circle. It is possible that the American League race was settled then, long before the season opened.

In retracing the steps of the Red Sox to a pennant let’s take off on the opening day of the season . . .

April 16 — Tex Hughson, who’d gone into service with an 18-5 pitching mark in August, 1944, drew the starting assignment at Washington. He won, 6-3. Williams stroked one of his patented homers. He, too, had his prewar magic. York made two hits. Doerr and Pesky, and DiMaggio, were asparkle in the field.

April 17 — The Senators routed Dave Ferris in his first “sophomore” start. The Sox went on to win, 13-6, with a murderous hitting barrage. But Ferriss’ downfall caused concern. He’d won 21 as a “freshman”. Sox’ pennant hopes were draped on his shoulders. Was he merely a “wartime” wonder? Next highlight was on . . .

April 22 — The reserve power of the Red Sox was an item of conjecture. At Fenway Park the brilliant Johnny Pesky was beamed today. Eddie Pellagrini, Roxbury boy, was substituted. His home run beat the Senators, 5-4.

April 26 — Ferriss had been kayo’d by the Nats. He’d been routed in his second start by the A’s. The Sox had gone on to win both games. But today Ferriss recaptured his touch, blanked the A’s, 7-0, with six hits. Red Sox stock commenced to soar.

April 24 — The first meeting with Yankees. To win a pennant the sunset hose had to stop the Yanks. Tonight gloom settled over Boston. The Yankees came into Fenway Park, unfettered all their old-time power, drove Hughson to the showers and won, 12-5 . . . a terrific beating for the Sox. Williams

hit into three double plays. "Same old story!" But on . . .

April 25 — Full of fight and fire, with Joe Cronin down in the third base coaching box wagging his jaw defiantly, the Red Sox turned around and ripped the Yankees to shreds. They duplicated the 12-5 score of the previous day, but reversed the decision, Joe Dobson pitched the distance. Eddie Pellagrini, now getting a shot at third base, tripled and homered. And 32,867 fans went berserk. Thus was instigated the Sox' longest winning streak of the year . . . 15 straight.

April 28 — Here was Der Tag. Hughson and Micky Harris pitched 2-1 and 5-1 victories over the A's. The Senators beat the Yanks, and Boston went into first place in the American League, never to be headed again.

May 1 — The first clash with the Detroit Tigers. World champions of 1945. Yanks, Tigers, Senators. They were rated the toughest opposition for the Sox. So the Yawkey A.A. unloaded today. They massaged the World Champions, 13-1. Ferriss pitched a 4-hitter. His supporting cast fired a dozen hits at the Tigers. George Metkovitch got four of them.

On the following day Ted Williams powered a homer into the bullpen in the 10th to beat the Tigers, 5-4, thus sweeping the brief series.

May 4 — The Indians tried to cool off the hot Sox. They named fireball Bobby Feller to do it. Which would be hottest—Feller or the Sox? A crowd of 31,882 paid to see the Red Sox make 10 hits in six innings, drive Feller from the mound. Jim Bagby, Jr., an Indian himself once, won the game, 6-2.

May 7 — The Red Sox now had won 11 in a row. Today they were on the ropes, but another reserve off the bench, Leon Culberson, saved them from the Browns. Culby, fleet outfielder, had seen Hughson assaulted and chased as the Browns sought the West's first victory at Fenway Park. There were three on in the last of the 14th. Culberson maced a 4-run homer, and that was that!

May 8 — A 14-10 win over the White Sox. Thirteen straight wins, a club record for the Sox. And Johnny Pesky scored six runs, an American League mark.

May 10, 11, 12 — The big invasion of Yankee Stadium. The Sox have a 4½ game lead. On Friday, with Joe Dobson starting, 64,183 throng to the House that Ruth built to see the Red Sox win, 5-4. Earl Johnson relieved Dobson, allowed the Yanks one hit over the last five innings.

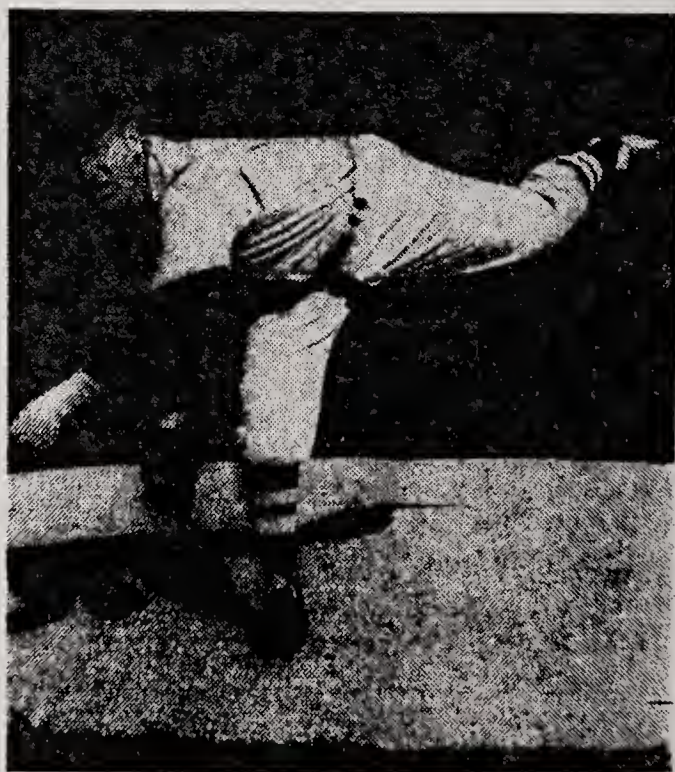
The Sox were helpless against Tiny Bonham the following afternoon. Bonham's fork ball was breaking from all directions. He won, 2-0, allowed only two hits—singles by Pesky and Tex Hughson. And Ted Williams lost a pop fly in the sun, loafed in pursuit as a run scored, and was "ridden" hard by the congregation.

Micky Harris, the boy from the Queens, pitched the Sox to a 3-1 win on Sunday, with 63,193 people in the stands, and now, for the first time, the New York writers say, "The Red Sox will win the pennant."

May 14 — Dave Ferriss unfurled his No. 1 game of the year—using only 78 pitches to score a 3-0, 2-hit win over the White Sox at Chicago.

May 24, 25 — The Red Sox, home at Fenway Park, again throttled the menace of the Yankees, winning two of the three games. Ferriss stopped 'em in one, although he didn't finish, and Hughson hurled a 1-0 masterpiece.

May 30 — With 34,059 inside Fenway Park and an estimated 10,000 left outside the gates, the Red Sox used pitchers and beat the Nats, 6-5, in the ninth inning to keep alive another winning streak.



Mickey (Himself) Harris



HERE ARE THE men who did it; that is bat the brains out of the opposing pitchers all year. From left to right—Williams, Cronin, Doerr, Wagner, Pesky, DiMaggio, and (in front) Rudy York. This picture was taken last May just before the Sox made it twelve straight by exploding in the 14th inning to lick St. Louis 10-4.

May 31 — Today Owner Tom Yawkey announced that he had signed Joe Cronin to a new contract as manager, calling for \$50,000 per year for three years.

June 5 — A western club came close, for the first time, to winning a ball game at Fenway Park. The Browns settled for an 8-8 tie when rain and darkness snuffed out a wild and woolly game.

June 8, 9 — Did the Red Sox clinch the pennant here? Probably! They fell upon the World Champion Tigers with a merciless attack to sweep the three-game series by overwhelming scores of 15-4, 7-1, 11-6.

June 12 — The Sox started a winning streak on June 2. Bob Feller snapped it today after a run of 12 straight games. On a Wednesday 33,534 showed up to see Feller in complete command, 7-2.

Now the Sox go into the West with a 9-game lead on the Yanks, and stumble for the first time. They dropped three of four to the feeble White Sox, then three straight to the Browns, but righted themselves at Cleveland and Detroit to show six wins, eight de-

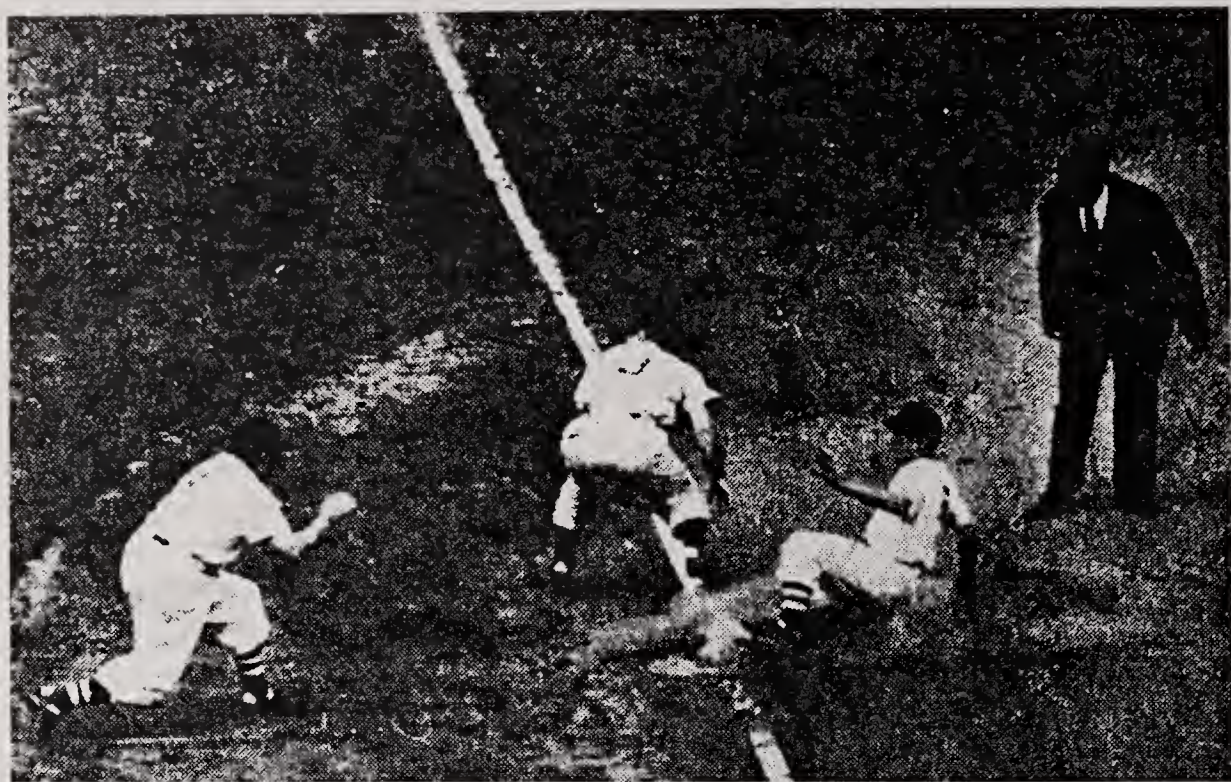
feats, and a tie. On returning to Fenway Park they had a 7-game lead on the field.

June 28 — On home cooking the Sox roared out of their slump, pasted the Senators, 12-1. Williams hit his 20th homer of the year. Mickey Harris was superb on the mound. The Senators went under, 12-8 and 15-8, in the succeeding games. The Yanks glumly viewed the results on the Stadium scoreboard.

July 2 — The largest crowd to watch the Red Sox to date—68,617, paid—saw Spud Chandler and Mickey Harris hoop up in a hot pitchers' battle at Yankee Stadium. Chandler, yielding only two hits, won, 2-1. Harris allowed five hits.

July 8 — The season is at the halfway mark. The Red Sox have a $7\frac{1}{2}$ game lead on the Yankees and rush into the second half of the schedule by whipping the Tigers three straight and Cleveland two in a row. On . . .

July 14 — Ted Williams hit three homers—No. 24, 25 and 26 for him—in the first game against Cleveland, batting in eight runs in an 11-10 victory.



Marse Joe stuck to 3rd base this year, was a great coach as well as manager. Here he brings Pesky sliding in against A's.

July 16 — A Tuesday crowd of 33,142 saw Bob Feller, for the second time, choke off a Sox winning streak at Fenway, 6-3.

July 27 — Rudy York matched a major league record, batting in 10 runs in a 13-6 win over the Browns. York hit two grand-slam home runs.

July 31 — For the second time in his career Capt. Bobby Doerr of the Red Sox stood between Bob Feller of Cleveland and a no-hit game. Doerr's single today was the only hit Boston engineered as Feller fired a 4-1 victory, his third win over the Red Sox, at Cleveland.

Aug. 9, 10, 11 — Back in Yankee Stadium. If the Sox share this series the Yankees are cooked. The Sox do. Ferriss hung up his first Stadium victory, 4-3, in the opener. With a 3-and-2 count on him, York homered with two on in the fifth under the lights. 63,040 saw the game.

The following night Ted Williams hit two home runs, his first of the year in Yankee Stadium. It wasn't enough. Aaron Robinson, rookie catcher for the Yanks, did likewise. Robinson's second came with two on in the last of the 12th. Yankees won, 7-5.

On Sunday, Aug. 11, the Sox won the opener 7-5, dropped the nightcap by 1-9, for a series split before 72,320 cash customers.

Aug. 13 — Dave Ferriss reached the 20-game circle for the second year on end, pitching a 7-5 win over the A's at Philadelphia.

Aug. 16, 17, 18 — The Red Sox drive the Yankees down the slope with three

out of four . . . winning with Harris (4-1), Ferriss (7-4), dropping a 0-5 shutout to Joe Bevens, then winning the finale, 4-3. At Fenway Park.

The Red Sox home attendance boomed over the million mark on the 16th, when a crowd of 29,226 pushed the paid Fenway Park attendance to 1,015,425—an all time Sox record.

Labor Day — The Yankees are eliminated as even a distant threat to Boston's first pennant in 28 years. With a record crowd of 73,551 paying patrons in Yankee Stadium, and the pressure on, Dave Ferriss notched his 24th victory of the year, 5-2, in the first game, and Harris, with his invalid dad seeing his son pitch for the first time in several years, settled it, 3-1, in the night cap.

The Sox soared to a 15½ game lead and it was all over save for the formality of ordering the blue felt for the new pennant which, all next season, will flutter from the flagpole at center field, Fenway Park, Boston, Mass.

The pennant was mathematically clinched on the 13th day of September, which was a Friday afternoon.

But weren't those Yankees tough cookies, though? You gotta hand it to 'em. As early as April 25, when the Sox came back to reverse that 12-5 score, the Yankees must have seen the handwriting on the wall. But they fought it out, tooth and nail, no quarter asked or given.

The Red Sox are no champions stuffed with straw. They had to beat the Yankees to get there, and beating the Yankees was no pushover.

Nothing Was Wrong with the Sox!

By Harold Kaese

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LAST SPRING the Globe's HAROLD KAESE created a furor by writing an article for the Saturday Evening Post entitled "What's the Matter with the Red Sox?" Few sports writers have ever taken such a good natured kidding as brother KAESE, since it became obvious that very little was the matter with the Fenway team. Below is Mr. KAESE' sequel.

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EVER SINCE IT became clear that the Red Sox would win the pennant, which was about five days after the season opened, people have been asking me, "What's the matter with the Red Sox?"

Although a reasonable question, since 27 American League races had been run without a Red Sox victory, it was always seasoned with a sarcasm which was about as subtle as the garlic in your barber's breath. Long baffled by this sarcasm, there came one day a letter with a clipping of Jack Troy's column in the Atlanta Constitution, quoting Jim Bagby, Sox pitcher:

"We've just got to win that pennant for Joe. That's the way all the boys feel about it. There's a great spirit on the club. They remember that magazine article criticizing Cronin's handling of pitchers and questioning his ability. We'd all like to win on that account, plus other considerations."

Ah-ha! So folks were referring to that trifling article appearing in a March issue of that little weekly, The Saturday Evening Post. The title happened to be: "What's the Matter With the Red Sox?" The author happened to be—me.

Not until reading Bagby's words did the value of my contribution to the Red Sox come home to me. So they just had to win for Joe, did they? Joe had only been with them 11 years, and now, 1945, they felt they had to win for him! How mighty white of them!

Pennants have been won by managers, pitchers, hitters, groundkeepers, and radio announcers, but this, apparently, was the first ever won by a magazine article.

"We'll make that writer eat his words. It was a bush-league article," said that bush-league expert, Ted Williams.

The article enumerated many of Cronin's virtues, although too short to list

them all. This fact was forgotten, and the article was soon doomed to live in legend as a diatribe against the Red Sox manager. Columnists, announcers, and even cartoonists used it as a whip on the Red Sox. It was a good whip, the best since Bill Terry in 1934 asked of the Dodgers, "Are they still in the league?"

Although the article, followed as it was by the Red Sox romp, served to make Cronin look like a one-man version of the M.I.T. faculty, the suggestion that Cronin was party to its publication is not true. It was my idea, based on Red Sox fan reactions during 1945. The Post kicked away the chair after putting our



Tex Hughson, a great pitcher with a lot of wins, despite a tough luck year.



No one contributed more to the pennant drive than Capt. Bobby Doerr, shown making a brilliant double play against the White Sox August 23.

heads in the noose by shrewdly changing my title, "Star Rich, Pennant Poor," to "What's the Matter With the Red Sox?" And instead of publishing it after the 1945 season, they released it just before the 1946 campaign began.

Nor is it true that the Braves, pennantless for 31 years, have encouraged the author to compose a piece entitled "What's the Matter With the Braves?" although it would amount to winning the pennant in 1947.

William Allen White once wrote an editorial, "What's the Matter With Kansas?" that had almost as many repercussions as "What's the Matter With the Red Sox?" but his only concern was a state, not a ball club.

Besides furnishing the incentive, since World Series prestige and money would not interest the Red Sox, the bush league article got some notable concrete results. Cronin, for instance, handled his pitching staff perfectly. He never let his teams have a serious slump. He coached throughout at third base. He retired as a player.

Eddie Collins once said, "The less Cronin plays, the better he seems to manage." There must have been something to this analysis, for the first season Cronin did not play, he won the pennant.

Getting Rudy York from Detroit was a masterstroke; while the addition of Bagby, Mike Higgins, Bob Klinger, Wally Moses, and Bill Zuber paid dividends. For once Cronin's relief pitchers stopped rallies, instead of forcing in runs. For once his pinchhitters delivered hits instead of pop-ups. The player grapevine said that Cronin was a changed manager, but his results were changed more than his methods.

He used considerable discretion at his two shaky positions, playing five men (not at one time, however) in right field and seven at third base. That third baseman, Higgerson St. Andridge Russagrini, was a stout fellow, almost as stout as Cronin himself.

Friendly feeling for the Red Sox was shown all season, and players, managers, umpires, and league officials were admitting in April, "It would be a good thing if the Red Sox won the pennant." This was rank understatement. Nobody pulled any punches, although Larry MacPhail had the naive idea that he could help the Yankees by replacing Joe McCarthy with Bill Dickey.

Only 16 of 119 experts picked the Red Sox to win. The author of "What's the Matter" was not one of them. Bing Mil-

ler, White Sox coach, figured that the Red Sox, youngest team in the league, would be least affected by war service. He bet a hat that the Red Sox would win the pennant, bet another that they would win by 15 games.

The Sox were out of first place only three days. They went to the top April 28 and stayed there like heavy cream.

Nobody knows exactly why the Red Sox won, but they had some pretty fair players in Johnny Pesky, Dom DiMaggio, Bobby Doerr, Ted Williams, Hal Wagner, Rudy York, and some fair pitchers in Dave Ferris, Tex Hughson, Mickey Harris, Joe Dobson, Earl Johnson, Klinger, and Bagby.

They had defense, power, speed on the bases, and not to be ignored was Cronin's decision to keep his team clean by barring Boston sports writers from the Red Sox

dressing room at Fenway Park. Eventually, Ted Williams went to work for the BOSTON GLOBE as a columnist. When he was not ejected, others had to be admitted to the clubhouse. By then, however, the Red Sox had virtually clinched the pennant and were safe.

Although "What's the Matter" will remain as a reasonable explanation of Red Sox failures from 1918 through 1945, there is no doubt that their victory this season is widely regarded as a vindication of Cronin. Always a terror when the chips were down, he waited until the bases were loaded, then hit a managerial home run that lit magnesium flares of joy all over the country.

However, I am still awaiting his apology for winning the pennant in this particular season. It almost looked deliberate.

South of the Border

By Roger Birtwell

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THE MEXICAN INVASION may or may not prove a serious thing in organized baseball, but it certainly created a lot of furor this past season. On hand when Senor Pasquel took his first pass at the Red Sox was the Globe's ROGER BIRTWELL, and below is the story in which he reported the affair for Globe readers.

●

HAVANA, Cuba, March 9—A mustachioed Mexican, who claimed to have thirty million dollars behind him, stepped out of the pages of O. Henry last night and fought a verbal duel with Manager Joe Cronin of the Boston Red Sox for the right to offer Ted Williams the most magnificent salary in the history of baseball.

Across a rickety wooden table in a low-thatched Havana bar-room, glib-tongued Bernardo Pasquel—effervescent agent of the Mexican Baseball League—faced Williams and Cronin. Through an interpreter he told Williams he could "name his own figure and his own terms".

Just before sitting down with Williams, the exuberant Mexican sat in his lavish suite in the Sevilla-Biltmore and told your correspondent he was prepared to pay Williams "More than three hundred thousand dollars" for three years in the Mexican League.

Shortly after eleven o'clock, Williams came into the lobby. The Globe man said "Ted, you're going to meet this chap eventually. You might as well meet him now. His name is Bernardo Pasquel and he says he's willing to pay you more than three hundred thousand dollars for three years".

"Where is he?" bellowed Williams.

The spry Mexican was right on my heels, and the pair were introduced. Some kidding and bantering followed. Then Pasquel invited us into a bar to have a coca-cola.

In the bar Pasquel had the misfortune to prance right into a spot beside Cronin—whom Pasquel didn't recognize—and Johnny Orlando, assistant trainer of the Red Sox. Williams tried to introduce them, but Cronin refused to shake hands with the Mexican agent.

Pasquel then got a lot of guys yelling "psst" in search of an interpreter—he speaks only a limited amount of English

—and, when an interpreter was secured, excused himself and took Williams and the interpreter over to a table in the corner of the bar-room.

Oblivious of dark-eyed señoritas who were frolicking about the vicinity of the table, Pasquel went to work on Williams with great vim. He was talking earnestly and rapidly, constantly grabbing Williams by the shoulder and arms.

Cronin spoke to Orlando. "Go over to the table and tell them you're Williams' interpreter." Orlando went over, but the Mexican wouldn't let him join them. Orlando walked back to the bar.

Cronin then walked directly to the table and—despite protestations and fiery glares by the Mexican—sat grimly down.

"I am having private talk," said Pasquel, continuing to glare at Cronin. The Boston manager said nothing. Then Pasquel tried again "I will talk to you any time you wish, but this talk, she is private."

"What's so secret about it?" Cronin barked.

The Mexican agent made further protests.

Then Cronin tried a new tack. "How many teams you got in your league?" Joe blandly inquired.

Dead silence followed . . . After a couple of minutes, Cronin got up and left.

Williams and Pasquel spent ten minutes more in earnest conversation.

Williams then came back to the hotel lobby and described what happened.

"Pasquel—or whatever his name is—told me I could name my own figure and my own terms. He said that—since I was under contract for this year—he would not make me an offer for this season. But he wants me for next year. He invited me and my wife to come down to Mexico as his guests this Fall. He promised me short right field fences and said they've got winds down there that always blow toward the outfield."

Earlier in the conversation, just after Williams and Pasquel met, Williams asked "Have you signed Bob Feller?"

"Why not?" returned Pasquel.

"Well, if you've got Feller," cracked Williams, "I'm going to stay in the American League."

In Left Field - but No Glove

By Ray Finnegan

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WHEN AN ALERT reporter noticed that the man behind the scoreboard always waved to Ted Williams as he rounded second while running out a home run, the Globe nominated desk man RAY FINNEGAN to go out there and see what was going on. FINNEGAN brought back one of the best baseball stories of the year, and also the tireddest dogs in New England.

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I WAS OUT IN LEFT field without a glove when the Red Sox made it 14 in a row yesterday.

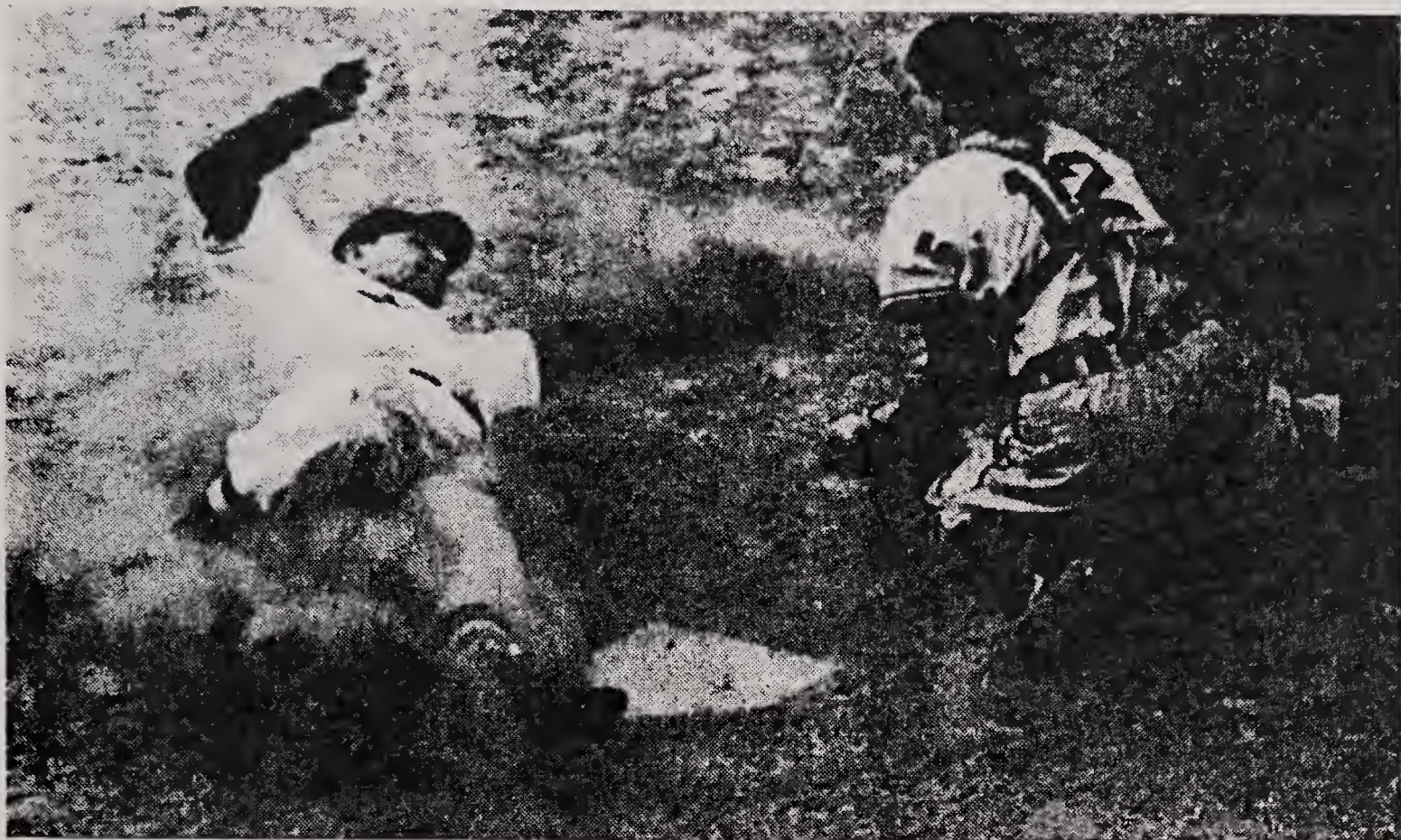
This fugitive from the Globe's News Desk was given orders by the boss early in the forenoon to go out to Fenway Park and watch the ball game from behind the scoreboard.

I reached the ball park with the ushers, groundkeepers, ticket sellers, hot-dog venders, telegraphers and the earliest of the rabid fans, and proceeded to find out how to get out to the scoreboard. After all these years, I thought I had seen a

game, boy and man, from every spot possible. I had worked my way down through the years in sequence from the right field bleachers, to the first base stands, to the grandstand and finally to the top of the roof where the writers do or die for dear old Rutgers.

But I had never given the scoreboard a thought. And probably never had you. I thought it ran more or less automatically.

Well, I contacted the genial Eddie Doherty, public relations man, and he gave me the directions.



A COUPLE OF "HAS-BEENS", named York and Higgins played a major part in the season's success. Here York is scoring from second on a double by Pinky in the Cleveland game of June 11. York had a great day, hit two doubles, two singles in four trips, scored three runs and knocked in another one. We won.

"Go down this ramp, turn right, and you will see a gate," he said. "Go through it under the thirdbase grandstand, proceed past rubbish pile, and go to the extreme left field corner from whence the groundkeepers emerge. Here," he continued, "you will find your man seated on a chair."

I found myself face to face with Bill Daly of Cambridge, and told him my mission. He looked at me . . . and looked at me again.

"Come along," he said, "but remember, you will have to stay there the whole ball game."

I agreed, but I was agreeing to most anything at that stage, because I wanted to go through with my assignment, and my curiosity, at the same time, was killing me.

Bill took me through the door . . . and there we were in an alley, about 30 or 40 yards long and three yards wide. All I could see were a lot of numbers . . . "You can look at the game through any of these peepholes," he said. "That will be your 'seat' for the afternoon."

"How do you do it?" I inquired.

"Well," said Bill, "Red Hoffman up in the press box runs all the lights by a push button. He takes care of the balls, strikes, numbers of the players at bat, and hits and errors. All he has to do is watch the ump behind the plate. If the ump raises his right hand, Red knows it is a strike and flashes the light accordingly. If the ump doesn't put up the old thumb, he knows it is a ball. Simple. All the players are numbered on the scorecard, and that takes care of that. On hits and errors, he gets his sign from the official scorer in the press box, who is one of the baseball writers appointed by the league.

"We take care of the rest out here . . . the complete score by innings and numbers of the pitchers in the American League and a running score on the National League games. It is all done by a master chart that is placed next to the phone that connects with the press box. They call down the information which they get over the telegraph wires and my two assistants and I just fill in the numbers."

I interrupted.

"Do you ever make a mistake?" I cautiously asked.

"Oh, yes," he answered. "Once last year we put up 13 runs instead of a zero . . . and it wasn't for the Red Sox."

Then I gave him my Sunday punch.

"We often see Ted Williams between innings, or when they're changing pitchers, back up against the wall and talk to you. What does he say . . . or do you do all the talking and he all the listening?"

"Wait and see," he countered. "Here he comes now for the first inning."

And sure enough, the Kid was sauntering out to his position, winding up his right arm and getting it in trim for long throws that might come up during the game. He was walking around to keep limber, and suddenly shot a glance to peephole No. 1. That would be Bill Daly's spot. I was at slot No. 2.

"Stevens and Keller hit homers over in New York," yelled Bill, at the same time pointing to the bleachers. That meant for Ted to get on his horse and put one in the stands before the gateway to New York and points West.

Ted just nodded.

But suddenly the Dykesmen had three on base with two out, and Ted yelled over to Dom DiMaggio: "Who is this, Hodgins?" and the Little Professor nodded yes.

Came the second frame, and the Cronin men were out front.

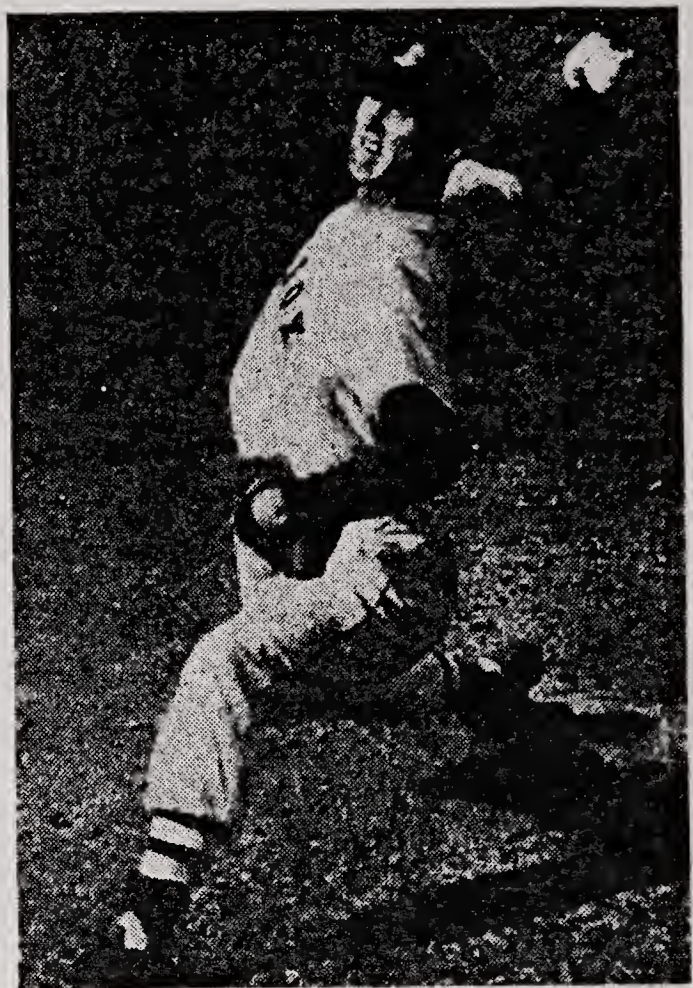
"We will win this easy one," said the Kid as he came to the field.

And this inmate (for I considered myself a prisoner for two hours) hoped he was right. It would be wonderful, thought I (along with 22,000 others) for the Sox to head for the big series with the Yanks with 14 straight wins under their belts.

It was getting dark now, and Chicago had changed pitchers about half way along. Ted was having just a fair afternoon. He had made one hit, his first time up, had walked and had reached on a fielder's choice. Johnny Rigney was doing the serving for the opposition. And Ted fanned.

"Too dark. Can't see them. He threw me a slider," said the lanky boy as he came out to the scoreboard.

When Bagby wavered in the seventh, Joe Cronin called in Mace Brown, for his second appearance on the mound this season, and the Kid came over to the



Joe Dobson on the mound.

board in the interim. He was talking to me but he didn't know it.

"I guess they liked that soft stuff Jim was throwing," he said. "They were hitting him. Here comes Mace Brown . . . they say he's ready."

Out to short left center came a fly and Ted called it. The ball stayed up a while and Mr. 400 did a slight toe dance under it. He made the catch easily and the crowd chuckled.

"What's funny about that?" he called at Dom.

It was now the last of the seventh. The people were all standing. To me that was a joke, son. I had been standing all the game.

Then came the finish . . . we put up the final score: Red Sox 7 runs, 11 hits, and no errors; Chicago 5 runs, 15 hits, two errors.

I hurried out of the park and STOOD waiting for a cab. They all were filled. Were my dogs tired!

In despair I hiked down to Kenmore station, STOOD in line for change.

I grabbed a car and gave a lady my seat, and STOOD all the way down to Scollay sq.

"How do I stand with you, boss?"

Ted Williams Says—

By Ted Williams

TOWARDS THE END of the season, the Great Slugger turned newspaper commentator with an exclusive column in the Boston Globe. Below is a special article written by Ted for this magazine.

As much as I'd like to, I can't say that playing in the World's Series will be like a dream come true. Not that I didn't dream about playing in a World's Series but when I first read of World's Series games and heard them over the radio, I never thought I'd ever play in one.

To me, the players in World's Series were super-human baseball stars. I was only a kid of 11, when I first read about the series. It was the year Pepper Martin ran wild against the Athletics. I don't remember many of the details but I vaguely recollect about how Martin had the Athletics crazy with his base-running.

A couple of years later, 1933 to be exact, my next recollection is of Lefty O'Doul and how Lefty made a hit for the Giants to beat the Washington Senators, who were then managed by Joe Cronin, who will lead us into the 1946 series. Martin and O'Doul, to my way of thinking at that time, were super-stars. Yes, I did dream and hope that someday I'd be playing in a series but I thought it was beyond my reach. After all, I was a skinny, overgrown kid. I wanted to play in a World's Series but I never thought that I'd make it.

Every once in a while, I think about those days. It's funny but I always felt when I was a kid that the National League had the better pitching but when it came to betting on the series, my money rode on the American League team. Yes, it's probably a good thing that the Commissioner didn't know about it. For as a kid, I used to bet on World's Series. It was usually twenty or thirty cents for the whole series, which was a lot of dough to me in those days.

I'm looking forward to playing in the World's Series. I know it's going to give me that extra little tingle that has come to me on only a few other occasions during my professional career.

Off-hand, I can recall four other games to which I looked forward with great interest. They were my first big league games. My first game at Fenway Park be-

fore a home crowd, my first All-Star game and my first game this season. Those have been the games up to now which have furnished me with a little extra incentive such as the World's Series will this year.



The Kid at Work

It's a strange thing about those games and the coming World's Series. Not since I played baseball at high school did I bear down any harder than I did in those four extra-tingle games and as I will be in the series. In high school, I think I bore down harder than any where else. Perhaps it was because I was a tall, skinny kid and had to work harder. Now that I've matured and am stronger it doesn't seem that I have to bear down as hard to hit the ball.

I know that most of our players will also have that extra bit of enthusiasm, because only a few of us have ever been in a World's Series. It's something to which every ball player looks forward. And in that respect, I'm no different than the rest.

Close-up of a Ballplayer

By Paul V. Craigie

WHEN JOHN PESKY established himself early in the year as one of the great stars of a great team, the Globe sent staff reporter PAUL V. CRAIGIE to see what sort of a fellow he was off the playing field. The following story was selected as one of the best human interest yarns written about the Red Sox during the year.

LYNN, May 9 — Mr. and Mrs. John Michael Paveskovich arose at 8 o'clock this morning and consumed a hearty breakfast of bacon, eggs and toast.

That item is significant to you because the Mr. Paveskovich who ate the toast in question is himself the toast of Boston. He's Johnny Pesky to you.

Beside his plate was a copy of the morning Globe. Johnny and the sparkling light brunette he calls his "child bride" were perusing the sports page, and what they saw there was a treat to their eyes. Mr. Paveskovich was leading the major leagues in batting with a spectacular average of .429.

"But I'm not that good a hitter," Johnny observed. "I don't know if there is that good a hitter in baseball.

"Don't think that means I haven't got some confidence in myself, though," he continued.

"I'll be in there plugging all the way and giving them all a tussle. I don't think I'll ever have a real bad slump. Williams says I won't. I can run, and as long as I can keep getting the wood on the ball, I'll get my share of hits."

Pesky, who must have been given that name by the opposition, is a wholehearted friend and admirer of his Red Sox slugging win and leading competitor for batting honors—Lanky Ted Williams.

"I listen to Williams," he says. "Ted can talk me into anything. He's not only a batter, but a student of batting, and he's helping me and other members of the team more than it's possible to tell you. He's a great guy and a great team man. I don't think the fans give him enough credit for his team spirit, regardless of how much they like his play. I've never played for anything but a hustling club, but I've never played for another

club that hustled like this one. And Ted deserves as much credit as anyone for that hustle.

"Williams keeps talking to me; tells me to keep hitting and make myself a better hitter. The way he belts 'em. I'm willing to take his advice. If practice made him what he is, I can afford to spend some time practicing."

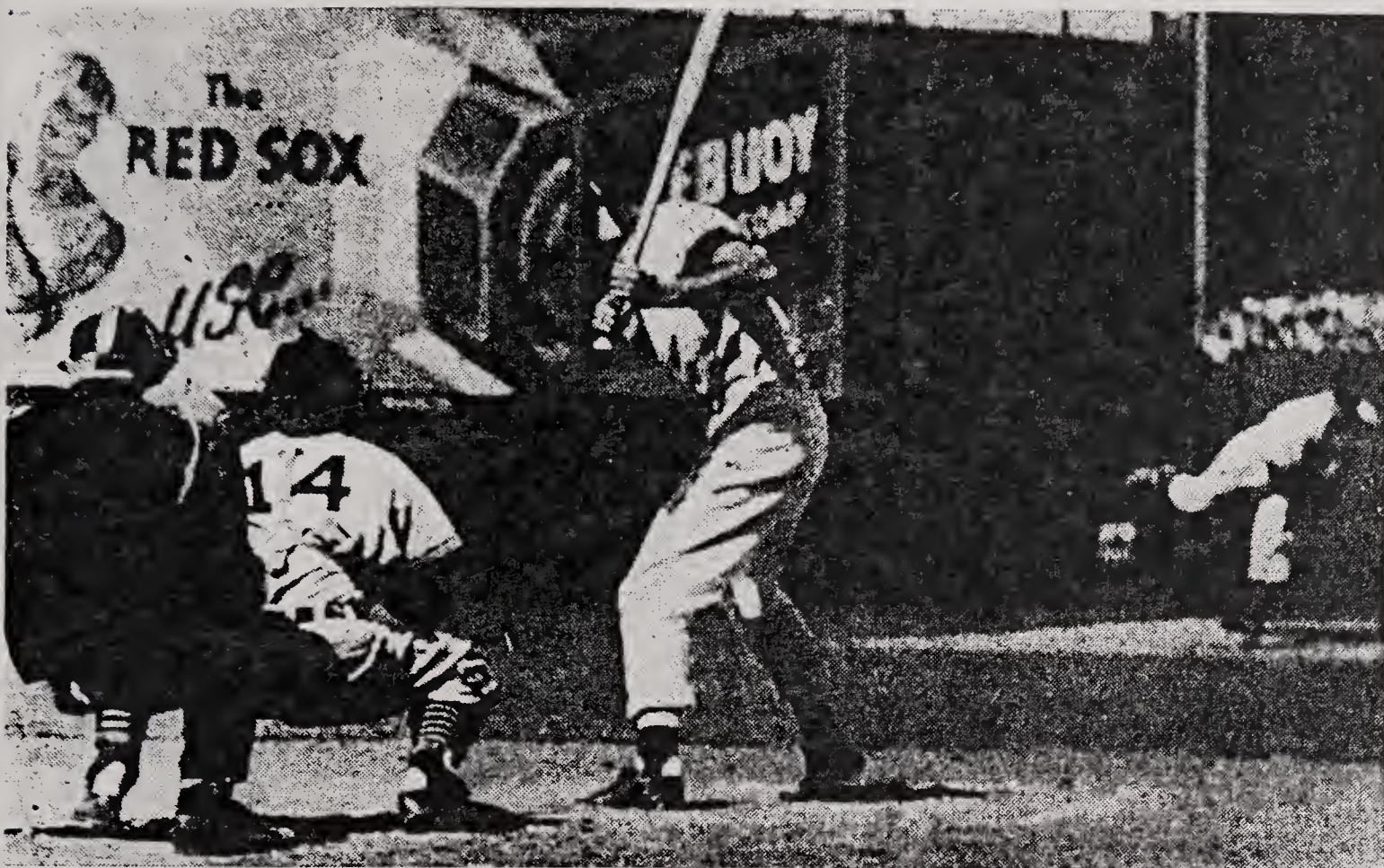
Pesky finally explained what happened the other day, when he suddenly walked away from the plate and conferred with Ted Williams. There were men on base and the Sox badly needed the runs they represented. The count was two strikes and two balls on Johnny.

"I was plenty tense right then. I wasn't afraid of a curve, but I wanted to be ready for a fast one. I stepped back and asked Williams what would be next. He grinned and said, 'Just be ready. You can hit anything this guy throws.' That gave me the confidence I needed." The next one was a fast one, and you know what happened. Pesky drove out a hit and kept the rally going.

Johnny says he was lucky when he had a big day against Bob Feller last week. "He throws 'em harder than anyone else I ever faced," he says. "But if you can meet 'em and run, you can get your share of hits against anyone."

When Pesky stepped to bat in a double-header against the Browns the other day, he didn't even know that he could beat the league record for consecutive hits by stroking one safely. He had hit safely 11 times, within one of the record, but he didn't know until he returned to the bench after grounding out that he had been in a brush with the record book.

That's the kind of a team man he is. He wanted to hit, because he wanted the Sox to win. His individual record wasn't even in his mind.



BASEBALL'S DUEL of 1946 was fought between Ted Williams and Rapid Robert Feller. Here the Cleveland fast boy tries to smoke one past The Kid — a quarter moon of the ball can be seen just above Ted's right elbow. Throughout the season Ted had the best of the argument, getting eight hits in his first eighteen times at bat against Feller for an average of well over 400, and this against Lou Boudreau's fantastic defense of playing all but one man to the right of second base against Ted.

Johnny specializes in "hitting them where they ain't," which has led sports writers to call him the modern Willie Keeler.

He agrees that he's a one-base specialist. He has hit one home run this season, but says, "It'll probably be a dark, dreary day when I hit another." The one he hit was a line drive he caught just right and propelled into the right field grandstand corner.

Left-handed batters are supposed to prefer batting against right-hand pitchers, but Johnny defies this tradition. "What the heck," he says, "whether the pitcher throws 'em with his right hand or left hand, he's gotta put 'em over the plate. Of course, we bat more often against right handers and get a little more familiar with their deliveries."

Pesky has been a protege of Tom Yawkey for 10 years. He worked in a lumber mill owned by the Red Sox owner at Silverton, Ore., while he was still attending Lincoln High School at Portland, both years. Naturally, Johnny led all participants in batting.

In fact Johnny has never failed to lead his league in hits. He was a junior

in High School when he "reached an understanding" that he would come to the Red Sox.

He went to the Sox' Piedmont League farm at Rocky Mount in 1940 and led that Class B loop with a total of 187 hits. A year later he moved up to Louisville, Ky., in the Class AA American Association. He was proclaimed the league's most valuable player with a top total of 195 hits.

Then came the big leagues. After only two years in organized ball, Pesky might have been expected to slow down a bit when he came to the Red Sox in 1942, but, if anything, he picked up a little speed. He batted .331, with 205 hits, and was declared the "best rookie of the year."

Right after that season, Johnny joined the Navy as an aviation cadet. He was assigned first to Amherst College, then to Chapel Hill, N. C., then to Camp Gordon, Ga.

It was while he was at Camp Gordon that he met pretty, vivacious Ruth Hickney of Lynn, who was an aviation machinist's mate in the WAVES. They "hit it

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The season was not without its riotous moments. Here Umpires Red Jones (with protector) and Bill Summers clear the Chicago bench on July 19. Manager Ted Lyons and Coach Mule Haas alone remained to direct the remainder of the game.

The Sox *Today* and in 1918

By Melville Webb

FEW MEN CAN equal Mel Webb, the Globe's veteran sports writer and great statistician, when it comes to comparing one great team with another. Here, for your record books, is a discussion of the Cronin crew and the pennant winners of 28 years ago.

It was 28 years ago that a Boston Red Sox ball club won an American League pennant — and a subsequent World's championship.

That was in 1918 — the end of a seven-year baseball era in which the Red Sox harvested league and post-season top honors: in 1912, 1915 and 1916 — with New England fans also rejoicing in 1914 because of the spectacular dash for their National league pennant and the later

sweep of four World Series games against the Athletics.

How do Ed Barrow's 1918 champions compare with Joe Cronin's Red Sox of 1946? Unfortunately the Boston American league club of 28 seasons back was by no means the best among those which in the same era had reaped complete top honors under the leadership of Jake Stahl and Bill Carrigan.

Those 1918 Sox stood out as a fighting ball club; had highgrade pitching and finally such good defense that there was only one Boston error in the later six-game World Series in which Boston was four-time winner against the Chicago Cubs.

That year the American league was comprised of the same teams as today; but the season ended prematurely because of the War Dept. edict that ball-tossers should either "work or fight."

On Sept. 1, 1916, the present Red Sox had won 91 of their 131 games, whereas the Boston pennant-winners of 1918 had a season's record of 75 wins, 51 defeats at the early close of the race. At Labor day time this year the Cronins had won 15 of 20 games from Tigers; 10 of 18 from Yankees; 11 of 14 games from Senators; 14 of 20 games from Indians; 12 of 20 games from White Sox; 13 of 20 from Browns; and 16 of 19 from Athletics.

Twenty eight years previously, on approximately the same date, the pennant-winning Red Sox had been victorious 10 times in 20 games with the second-place Indians, seven of 14 with the Senators, and six of 17 games with the third-place Yankees. The record against St. Louis was 14-5; Chicago 12-7, Detroit 13-5 and Philadelphia 13-6.

From these comparisons it may be noted that whereas the present Red Sox won 36 of their first 52 games played against the first-division clubs, the 1918 Sox had won only 23 of their 51 games from the teams comprising the first division.

This year the Sox won and lost percentage on Sept. 1 was .693. Ed Barrow's 1918 winners built up only a .595 percentage during a similar four and a half months of play. A difference of 98 points.

In 1918 when the regular season ended the Boston champions' team batting mark was only .248, ranking fifth in the league. This year at the end of August the Croninsox were leading the league in batting with a .278 percentage and with a 31-point margin over the Senators, who ranked second. Incidentally in their first 131 games this year, including ties, the Sox had made 92 home runs. Twenty eight years before the Sox collected only 16 four-masters in their 126 games — all they played during that abbreviated season.

It must be remembered that there was no "lively ball" in the game during Boston's last pennant year. Runs were not so

cheap and not everyone was striving to hit out of the parks. Outfielders did not play so deep, and infielders, also did not have to allow for that extra "zip" on hoppers — or daisy-cutters along the ground.

In 1918 when the Season closed "Babe" Ruth, participating in 95 games as pitcher, first-baseman and left fielder, led the club in batting with a .300 mark. He ranked eighth among the league batsmen, participating in 90 or more games. George had made 11 homers, leading the league with Walker of the Athletics. Behind Ruth came Harry Hooper, .289; "Stuffy" McInnis, .272; George Whitman, .267; Dave Shean, .264; and Amos Strunk, .256.

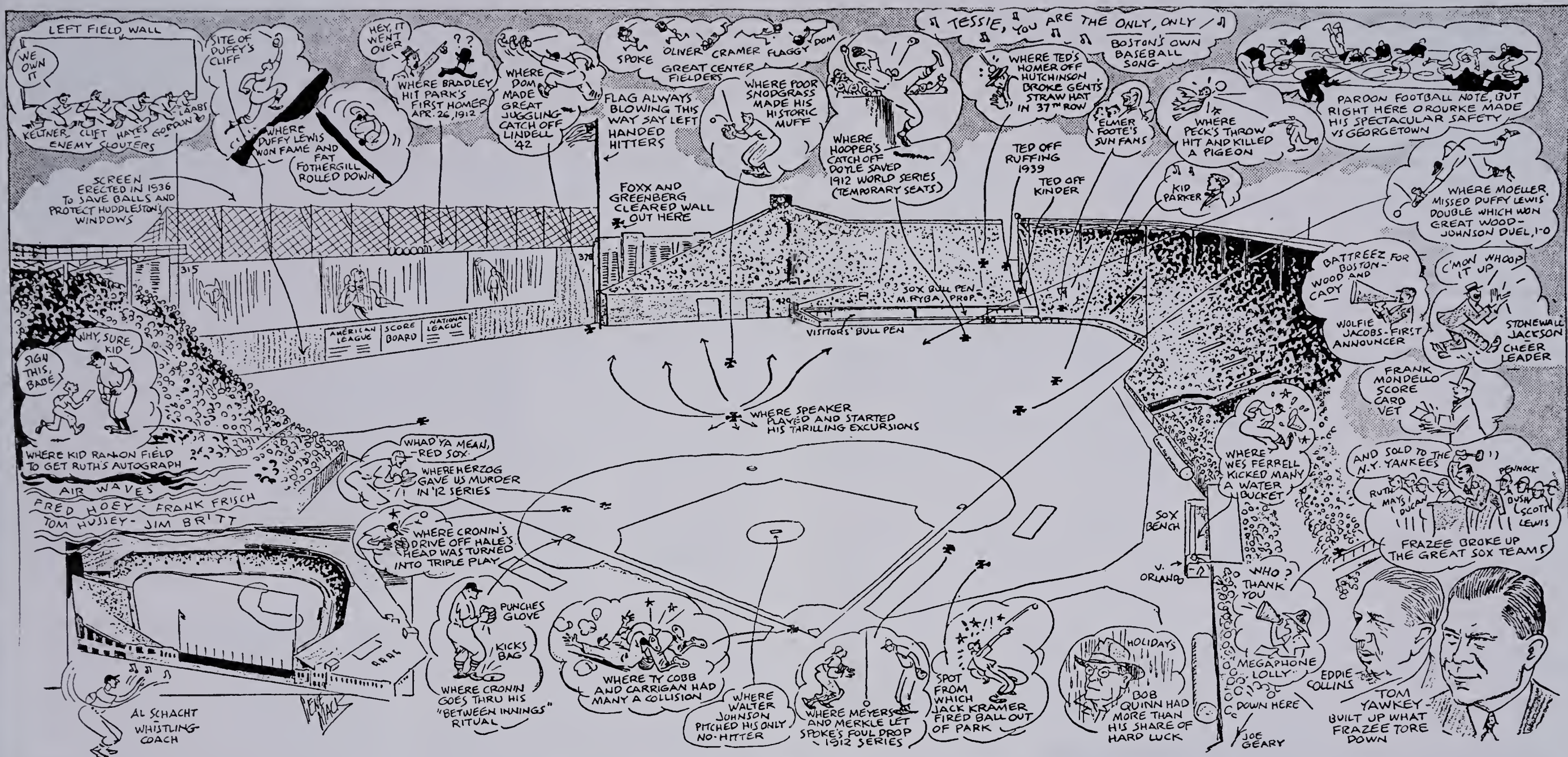
This season at the close of 4½ months competition Johnny Pesky was hitting .338; Williams the same; DiMaggio, .328; Culberson .322; Partee, .310; McBride, .306; York, .287 and Doerr, .286.

Barrow's pitching staff comprising mainly Joe Bush, 15-15; Carl Mays, 21-13; George Ruth, 13-7 and Sam Jones, 16-5, ranked among the dozen top flingers of the league and together won 65 of their 105 games. All had earned run averages better than 2.25. Through August of this year the record of the most-used Cronin chuckers was: Ferriss, 23-4; Harris, 15-7; Dobson, 11-6 and Hughson 15-10. Total 64 wins and 17 defeats.

Some difference in the respective group records — but remember that through the same number of weeks of championship play the Sox of 1918 scored only 474 runs for their pitching staff whereas this year's Fenway pennant-winners had scored a total of 714 runs — a mere difference of 240 runs. Think about that one.

Years ago Harry Hooper was outstanding defensively in right field as Dom DiMaggio is in center field today. Ruth played fine ball in left field and threw to the right base always. In the middle infield Everett Scott and Dave Shean were a fast, aggressive sure-handed pair as are Pesky and Doerr of this year's club. McInnis was one of the outstanding first basemen of his time.

Yet, as has been pointed out, the Red Sox champions of 1918 fare sadly when their hitting accomplishments are compared with these of the Fenway champions of the present season. No one realizes this more than Ed Barrow, chairman of the board of the New York Yankees, who managed the Red Sox of 28 years ago.



ON APRIL 21, 1912, the Red Sox opened Fenway Park by nosing out the New York Highlanders, 7 to 6, in an 11-inning game. On May 17 amid flag raising, floral presentations and dignitaries from all parts of the baseball world, the place was formally dedicated with a defeat of the local Hose at the hands of the Chicago White Sox.

Meanwhile, several important revelations had come to light. It was discovered that the revamped Red Sox, second division club in 1911, were going to make it rough for all comers. Also that the left field wall, that looked mountainous high on opening day, could be "had." Hugh Bradley cleared it on April 26. Finally the treacherous-looking embankment at the base of the wall might be a stumbling block for visiting left fielders but not for

an Alpine climber like our own Duffy Lewis.

The wall, much higher than the old fence at Huntington av.; the cliff, the small bleachers in center field that seemed

A Brief History of Fenway Park

By Gene Mack

GENE MACK'S DRAWINGS of the eight American League baseball parks proved to be one of the most unique series ever run in the Globe. There was probably no newspaper cartoonist in America equipped to do the job as thoroughly and with as much historical data. Here is Gene's story on Fenway Park.

miles away and the slanting screen down which foul balls rolled, were features that attracted the fans at the opening game.

A steel single-deck grandstand swung around from behind first base to a point

beyond third. Adjoining the grandstand a covered pavilion stretched far down the right-field foul line. An opening beyond the grandstand in left gave fielders room to handle foul flies in that direction.

By World Series time the open spaces had been filled with bleachers even along Duffy's Cliff where seats were built behind a low fence which called for ground rule two-baggers. These seats were pretty chummy for a right-handed hitter even in those days of the dead ball.

The park retained pretty much the same architecture until 1934, when Tom Yawkey introduced new Fenway Park, a magnificent structure which at the time seemed wholly adequate for housing Boston's baseball fandom, and is said to have cost \$2,000,000.

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The Day They Won the Pennant!

By Jerry Nason

AS FAR BACK as June 6th JERRY NASON, the Globe's Sports Editor, took his heart in his hand and climbed out on as big a limb as he could find. He predicted, in fact, that with the Detroit massacre of that week, the Red Sox were in.

The Red Sox won the American League pennant yesterday, June 9, 1946.

Why not? They atom-bombed the three-game series with the defending champions, Detroit. They unloaded 33 runs and 43 hits against what is freely described as the best pitching staff in the American League.

They assaulted the elegant Newhouser as if he was fresh out of the tall-grass leagues, instead of being the No. 1 pitcher in baseball for the two semesters.

They trampled upon Trout and made monkey faces at the big boy, Benton. They were snarling through the bars, hoping to get a chunk of Virgil Trucks, who was held out of harm's way by the great humanitarian, Steve O'Neill.

This was it, I think. It's all over now. Select your World Series seats now and hope to get within radio range of Fenway Park. Detroit has conceded the thing. Only two clubs are hard to convince—the Indians (here today, forlorn tomorrow—we hope) and the damYankees.

Pennant on June 9? The Red Hots have won six of seven starts, each from St. Louis, Washington and Philadelphia; eight of nine from Detroit; five of six games with Chicago; three of four with Cleveland; five of eight with the Yankees.

They've looked over and combed over everybody in the league. It has been as obvious as Joe Cronin's adequate chin that they have one club to beat.

And the Yankees are showing signs of wear and tear. They are an old team, unaccustomed to glancing at the scoreboard each day at Yankee Stadium to see those Red Sox runs being posted in profusion.

For three weeks the Yankees have been hanging on by their fingernails to the flying shirttails of the Yawkey A. C. They are the last and only threat, and now their "slip" is slightly showing. The Indians raided the Stadium over the week-end, won a split, might have taken the series, 3-1, with the breaks running for instead of agin.

The Yankees and clients have been moaning about the luck of the Red Sox



*There was only one day
when you could see
this scene at Fenway
Park this year, for
Bobby Doerr got taken
out exactly once during
the season. Then he
held the ball!*

while helping themselves to all sorts of breaks. They nipped Cleveland in 11 heats on a topped infield ball and a dubious decision at the plate. They beat Chicago, 2-1, on a force-in.

The Red Sox enjoyed no genuflections from such a goddess in the Detroit series just climaxed. They merely blew the Tigers' brains out. They scored 12 runs in the first, second and third innings on Saturday; seven runs in the fifth, sixth and seventh heats of Sunday's preview; notched eight runs in the first, second and fourth innings of the nightcap.

For my dough, the pennant race ended yesterday afternoon. O, the Red Hots are going to get cooled off now and then. They may take a midseason tailspin or become afflicted with the September horrors which have harrassed most of Joe Cronin's clubs. But . . .

They have already cushioned themselves for the bumps. That 15-game winning streak from April 25 to May 10, coupled with the current heat wave of 10 straight

(plus a deadlock) is as good as a life insurance policy.

The rest of the field is pressing to keep in sight. The only indignity which the Red Sox may encounter, to their regret, is that they commence to lose interest in such solitary perambulations.

In that event somebody from the Bronx, for one, might sneak up from the rear and blackjack 'em while they are grappling with boredom.

Such a calamity is unlikely. Nobody on this team has been so accustomed to winning that the event becomes an occasion to celebrate with a yawn. It is a hungry team, if you can call a rich man's toy "hungry." Only four personalities in and around it have ever been in a World Series.

They are, left to right, Joe Cronin (Senators), Rudy York (Tigers), Mike Higgins (Tigers), Del Baker (ditto. As manager, 1940). Mike Ryba (Cards) came close, but no cigar.

On the Red Sox, that pennant bonnet will look good!

That Terrible Day at Fenway

By Hy Hurwitz

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BACK IN THE DAYS when the Red Sox were still being picked to bloom like Morning Glories and then fade into second or third place, the Yankees committed a little 12-5 murder at Fenway Park, and brother there was no joy in Mudville that evening. At least the Globe's HY HURWITZ found a ray of hope, and pointed out that there were still a lot of Yankee-Red Sox games to come.

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WITH BASEBALLS SAILING out of the park and into the bleachers, bouncing off and bounding against fences, one would naturally expect that couple of fair country clouters known as Joe DiMaggio and Ted Williams would be setting the pace.

But yesterday's Fenway Park game between the Sox and Yankees was one of those affairs that you see but once in a lifetime. It dumped the Sox out of their first-place deadlock with the Yanks, into third. It found Tex Hughson losing his first game of the year after two consecutive triumphs. But that was nothing.

Imagine Joe DiMaggio going hitless in six trips to the dish. And Williams hitting into three consecutive double plays in the same game, each one via the same route, Gordon to Rizzuto to Etten.

Now you know baseball can be uncertain. One never knows what to expect. That in some respect explains why more than 30,000 people paid their way in to see the Eastern pennant contenders collide. And they saw things they would rather forget. Or can they?

Before the battle, DiMaggio was discussing batting slumps. Not that he had been in one for he was belting the horse-

hide at close to a .400 clip. "I've hit some pretty good balls," said the Yankee Clipper, "and so far I've managed to stay out of one of those so-called slumps."

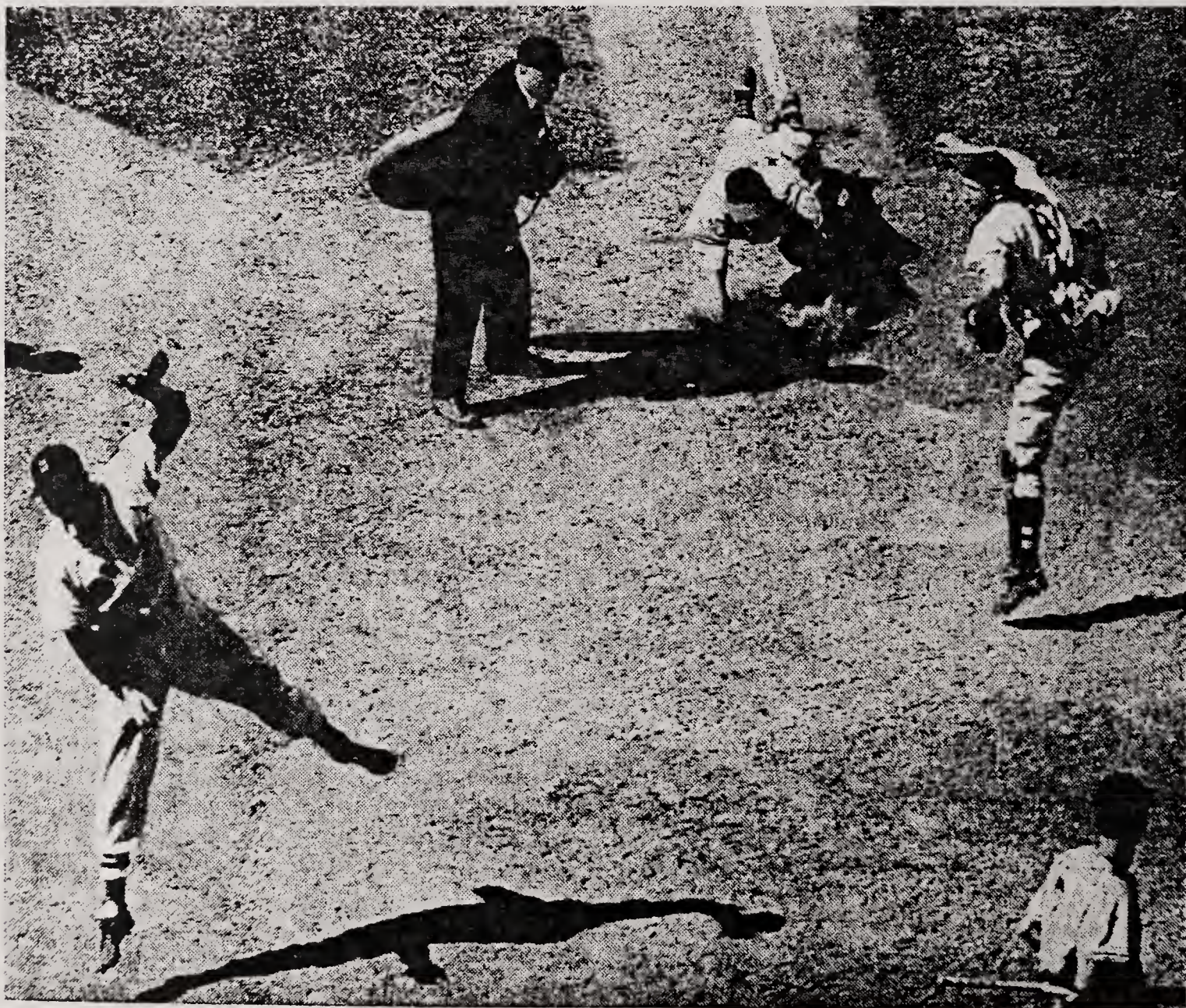
Joe went on to say that he had recaptured the brilliant batting eye that carried him to a new all-time record for hitting safely in consecutive games. That he felt a bit tired after playing 43 pre-season exhibitions. But that some day he would go into a slump, which would be a natural turn of affairs.

What is a batting slump? Does a batter suddenly lose his eye? Does he change his stance or his swing? "Naw," responded Joe, "it's none of those, it's just that you're swinging where the ball doesn't happen to be." In other words, when hitters aren't hitting, it's because they are being outsmarted by pitchers.

It was a most interesting disclosure and probably the first time that a great hitter has admitted publicly that the reason one goes into a slump is due to great pitching by the opposition.

Sure the Sox fell out of first. It's not the initial reverse for the Fenway favorites or their last one. The Sox are going to be in a tough fight for the pennant this year, but they don't rate as strong as the Yankees or Tigers.

But anything can happen in this business. All you have to do is take a peek at what happened yesterday, DiMaggio horse-collared in six AB's and Williams hitting into three double plays. If that can happen in one afternoon, there's no telling what may occur during a season of 154 games.



MORE LIKE BALLET, than baseball, catcher Hal Wagner and pitcher Tex Hughson try to get hold of a rifle-armed peg from Dom DiMaggio, as first baseman Becker of Cleveland roars head first into home plate on July 16. Becker scored and Cleveland won this one six to three.

The Man Who Lost His Hat

By Harold Kaese

WHEN A MAN get's conked on the head with a home run ball, loses a straw hat in the process, and still considers it a great honor —that's news! When a ball from Ted Williams' bat sailed into the bleachers and did just that, the Globe's HAROLD KAESE suspected a good story, made his way out to the bleachers and was able to present Globe readers with the following yarn the next morning.

A SINGULAR HONOR fell to Joseph A. Boucher, a construction engineer from Albany, at yesterday's Red Sox-Tigers double-header. The longest home run ever hit by Ted Williams in Boston bounced squarely off his head in the first inning of the second game.

He had never sat in the Fenway Park bleachers before. There were 7897 fans besides himself perched on the sun-drenched, wind-whipped concrete slope. Indeed was the elderly Mr. Boucher honored when the game's greatest hitter had socked some 450 feet.

He was sitting in the 33rd row of the bleachers, next to the aisle dividing the first and second sections behind the home bullpen. This was a little more than half way up the slope, and surely out of range of anything less than light artillery, he thought.

"I didn't even get the ball," said Mr. Boucher. "They say it bounced a dozen rows higher but after it hit my head I was no longer interested."

Asked why he did not defend himself by at least putting up his hands the engineer replied "I couldn't see the ball. Nobody could. The sun was right in our eyes. All we could do was duck. I'm glad I didn't stand up."

The ball players were not the only ones who had trouble with the wind or sun. The next time the engineer from Albany sits in the bleachers he probably will move to the top row, don sunglasses, and take a glove out of his back pocket as Williams comes to bat.

He was not seriously hurt because he was wearing a straw hat, in the crown of which was a soft label that acted as a cushion. The ball struck the very center of the crown—a perfect bullseye. It made a tidy little hole that speaks well for the quality of the headpiece. One of my straw hats, for instance, would have

broken up like a mat of shredded wheat struck by a hammer.

Mr. Boucher went to the first-aid room, but after being treated by Dr. Ralph McCarthy and two pretty nurses, he returned to his seat in row 33 and enjoyed the rest of the game.

"I am a great baseball fan and I am a Red Sox rooter. I've worked here since the start of the war," said Mr. Boucher. "This is the first time I've sat in the bleachers. I couldn't get into the grandstand."

He has yet to recover a ball hit into the stands, although a fan all his life. Needless to say, he has never come any closer than he did yesterday.

"What would I have done with it, anyhow?" he asked. "Well, maybe I could have sent it home to my grandson. I have a ball someplace that was autographed by the old Dodgers, fellows like Jake Daubert and Chief Meyers. I thought maybe I'd give it to the Cooperstown Museum."

He would do better, it was suggested, if he gave his straw hat to the museum. It is quite possible that Williams will never hit a longer home run in Boston. Then the hat would make an impressive showing in a glass case, suitably inscribed:

"Hat worn by J. A. Boucher of Albany, June 9, 1946, when Ted Williams of Red Sox bounced his longest Boston home run off owner's head. Note aperture."

Williams has hit some tremendous homers at Fenway Park. One off Scarborough last week cleared the 420-foot mark in center field. In his first season he hit one exit-high into the rightfield bleachers off Red Ruffing. But yesterday's drive, borne on a high wind, was his record. Nobody present will forget it, least of all Joseph A. Boucher, who didn't see it but certainly felt it.

About the *Ladies* of the Red Sox

By Elizabeth Watts

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AS THE SEASON wore on and the Red Sox garnered bigger and better headlines, the Globe assigned ELIZABETH WATTS to do a series of stories on the Wives of the Red Sox. Below is a special article telling you about the distaff side of this year's American League Champions.

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THEY GET IN to the ball park any day for 20 cents government tax. They'll get free tickets to the World Series, and they get to talk to the pennant winning Red Sox players any time they like except when they're playing ball. They're the Red Sox wives of course and in spite of the fact their husbands may be earning from five to forty thousand dollars they haven't a mink coat or a maid to their name. And most of them don't care.

Popular captain of the team, Bobby Doerr could have been speaking for all the boys when he said "Sure we marry nice girls, most of them are the home town girls we grew up with."

"They're a real bunch of little ladies, yes sir real ladies," says Joe Lunny whose been ushering at the Park since it first opened.

Come World Series time there are going to be some mighty nervous ladies sitting in boxes 23, 24 and 39. Pretty blonde Ruthie Pesky won't stub out a cigarette if the Sox are having a rally and attractive Rovenia Hughson will be doing a lot of hand clenching if her handsome Texan husband is pitching. They won't admit to being nervous mind you, and during the season, a game is just a game they stoutly say. But this will be the first series for the young wives of the present Red Sox team and they are looking forward to it as much as any fan in Boston.

Most of the girls are between 22 and 30 and for some, like Barbara McGath, wife of catcher Eddie McGah and Ruth Pesky, wife of short stop Johnny Pesky, this is their first season in big time ball.

Not one of them, bride or veteran of the parks will admit to having any ideas for their share in the four, five or six thousands dollars that will be coming to their husbands.

"It's bad luck to talk World Series," says blue eyed Ruth Hickey Pesky who didn't know beans about baseball when she married the hard playing shortstop in Lynn.

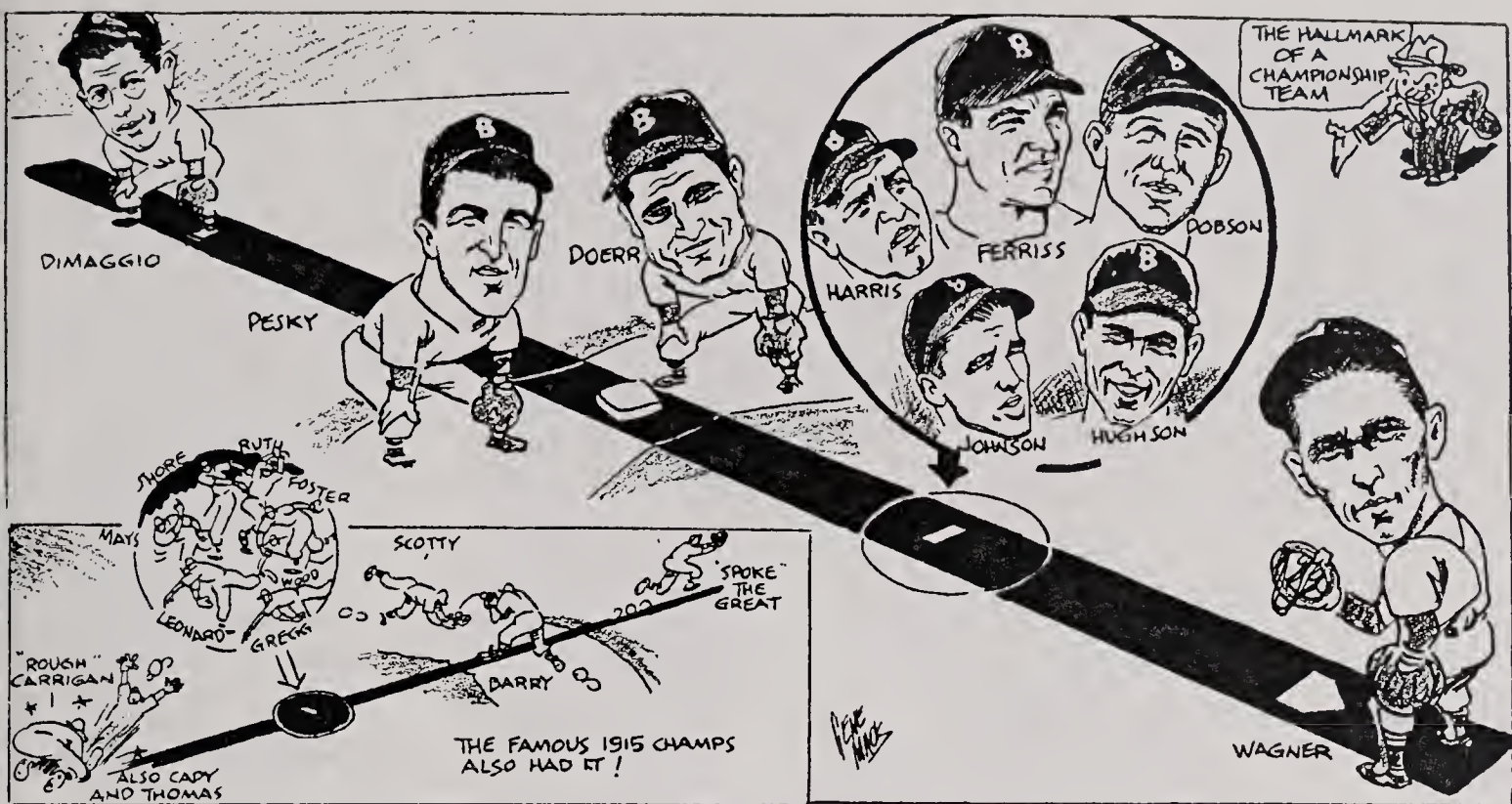
Most of the girls know each other

pretty well and they call each other by their first names. The mystery lady at the Park is Doris Williams, wife of Ted, but all the girls have this to say for her. "She's very nice and we all like Doris, she just isn't crazy about the game." The blue-eyed dark-haired wife of the Splendid Splinter will be the first to admit it though she does plan to see the series games in part anyway.

Where the World Series money will go depends on how it's voted but it's ten to a dozen that there will be some presents bought out of it. Handsome little Dixie Hughson, daughter of Tex Hughson will probably be richer by a few pounds of bubble bath. She loves it. Stanley who at 2 would rather play ball than eat stands a chance to get a new ball his father may win a couple games with, and wife Rowena, who spends many an hour making sports shirts for Tex who can't get them long enough in the sleeve to suit him, stands to get a new dress, picked out of course by the good-looking Tex, who sees something in the window he likes and just sails in and asks the flustered salesgirl for it in size 14.

One old timer at the Park thinks this generation has brought forth a new kind of ballplayer. "I remember when they didn't have a dime and most of them were rough and tough and devil-may care. These boys now are serious and got their mind right on what they're doing all the time. It's a business with them you might say."

For kids like Mickey McBride, Donnie Doerr and Sally Wagner the World Series will mean another chance to see Daddy on the diamond. And it will mean lots of crackerjack, ice cream and peanuts will be fed them by well-meaning fans. For Dolly Russell and Peggy Metkovich it will mean more baseball talk which has been plentiful enough this season around the house the Russells and Metkoviches share in Melrose Highlands. For Kay Culberson and Sue Brown it means finding someone to leave their very young children with.



IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE to reprint as many of Gene Mack's cartoons, as his fans would have wished. This one, "Down the Middle", was selected by the editors as particularly good.

Who's on the Team!

By Jack Barry

DOM DiMAGGIO Centerfield

Born Feb. 12, 1918 at San Francisco. Stands 5-9, 167. Right-handed. Member of famed baseball family including Joe and Vince. Wears glasses on and off the playing field.

Hit .301, .283, and .286 in first three years with Sox. In Navy, '43, '44 and '45. Returned to reach top form this year, outdoing even his big brother Joe at centerfield.

Considered best fielding center fielder now playing. Good poker player. Last to leave locker room after games. At the moment a most eligible bachelor and content to remain that way for awhile yet.

GEORGE METKOVICH Outfield

"The Cat". Born, Oct. 8, 1920 at Angel's Camp, Calif. 6.01½, 180. Left-handed. Married, one youngster. Hobbies, golf and hunting.

Signed by Detroit scout when school-boy in Los Angeles, Calif. Made free agent out of Detroit. Signed by Braves and cast adrift. Purchased from San Francisco Seals by Red Sox for \$25,000 and outfielder Dee Miles in 1942.

JOE DOBSON Pitcher

Born Jan. 20, 1917, Durant, Okla. Stands 6-2, 190. Married. Hobbies, golf and guns. Called "Dobby", "Burr-Head" and "Curly."

Established major league record for pitchers with 156 consecutive errorless games before first miscue, Sept. 29, 1943.

Won 35 and lost 35 games prior to this season. Proved 'needed' fourth man on present pitching staff. In Army in 1944 and 1945 as Platoon sergeant.

Gave Cleveland, his former team, but two hits in 1 to 0, 10-inning win over Indians. Only one man reached on Dobson in regulation nine rounds.

BOBBY DOERR Second Base

Born April 7, 1918 at Los Angeles, Calif. Stands 5-10½, 170. Right-handed. Married and has one boy, four years old.

Holds record for consecutive fielding chances accepted without miscue by second baseman in American League 349. Hit three-run homer in 1943 All-Star game. Made 238 hits for Hollywood on Pacific Coast in 1936. Hit four doubles and two singles in one game for Red Sox in 1939.



Globe A. P. Picture

TOM YAWKEY Owner

Thomas Austin Yawkey was born in Detroit, Feb. 21, 1903. Graduated from Yale in June 1925. Was interested in all athletics while at New Haven and still remains active in Blue affairs.

Purchased Red Sox in 1933. Announced he "Woudn't mess around with a loser". Result has spent about \$5,000,000 in an effort to give Boston an American League Pennant, which is now realized.

Loves to follow ball club, when business pressure slacks off. Also eagerly hies away to his gun preserve covering 32,000 acres in Georgetown, S. C. Other hobbies, raises and shows Labrador retrievers, plays a good game of handball.

Never interfered with running ends of his ball club, either business or on field of play. Stood behind Joe Cronin and is handsomely rewarded this Fall.

ROY PARTEE Catcher

Born, Los Angeles, Calif. Sept. 7, 1918. 5-10, 175. Married. Right-handed.

With Sox in '43, batted .281. In '44, hit .243. In U. S. Navy, '45. From Piedmont League, Class B to Red Sox in 1943.

Hits smartly. Has no 'left-field wall' phobia. Aids Hal Wagner in regular receiving work for Hose.

CHARLIE WAGNER Pitcher

Born, Dec. 3, 1916, Reading, Pa. 5-11, 175. Right-handed. Married. With Red Sox in '38 and '39, shipped to Louisville, winning nine and dropping one in '40, and returned to Sox. Has won 31 and dropped 23 in majors. Entered Navy—1943.

Nicknamed "Broadway" because of his stylish clothes. Rooms with Teddy Williams.

Keller tripled in the ninth on May 26th to almost rob Tex Hughson of a vital 1-0 win over the Yanks, but King Kong was trapped off third and run down by Russell and Wagner, while Tex backed up Hal.

EARL JOHNSON

Pitcher

Born April 2, 1919, Redmond, Wash. Stands 6-3, 188. Left-handed. Home in Seattle, Wash. In service four years.

Was awarded battlefield commission as a rifle platoon sergeant. Won Bronze Star. Commissioned second-lieutenant. Fought in major engagements, including St. Lo breakthrough.

Came to Sox in 1940 from Coast League. Alumnus of St. Mary's College, Calif. Credits Heinie Manush with futhering his career.

Turned in standout relief chores early in year, when Sox needed every game to build lead. Is good batsman in addition to pitcher.

RUDY YORK

First Base

Born Aug. 17, 1913, Ragland, Ala. Stands 6 ft, 1/2 inch.—210. Right-handed. Married.

Set major league mark for hitting most home runs in month—18 (Aug. 1937). Tied major league mark for most homers, bases full, four—(1938). Led loop in homers, total bases and RBI's, in '43. Set league mark, assists by first-sacker, season, '43. Named to All-Star team, S. News, — 1943.

Has .281 batting average for 10 years in majors. Came to Sox last winter in deal for Eddie Lake.

TEX HUGHSON

Pitcher

Born Feb. 9, 1916 at Kyle, Tex. Stands 6-3, 180. Right-handed. Married, has two children. Attended Univ. of Texas, four years.

Led American League pitchers in victories, and innings pitched, and tied for most strikeouts, 1942. Tied for most complete games (20) 1943. Led league pitchers in winning percentage, 1944. Named for Sporting News All-Star team, 1942.

Was in three All-Star games. Has memory of an elephant out there on mound.

LARRY WOODALL

Coach

Born, July 26, 1895 at Staunton, Va. Stands 5-8 1/2, 165. Right-handed.

Was manager at Portland, P. C. L., 1930—31; Coach, San Francisco, 1940—'41. Named coach of Red Sox, Jan. 1942.

Playing career as catcher covered 25 years; 10 in majors all with Detroit Tigers.

HAL WAGNER

Catcher

Born, July 2, 1915 at Riverton, N. J. 6 feet, 165. Throws right and bats left-handed. Married. Hobby, hunting. Attended Duke University, ('34—'36). Entered U. S. Navy, Aug. 28, 1944.

Broke in with Athletics back in 1937. Traded to Red Sox for outfielder Ford Garrison, May, 1944. Hit .330 for Red Sox in 71 games that season.

Wagner is better than average hitter for catcher. Did yeoman work through greater part of this season, bearing brunt of receiving. Body covered with scars, black and blue marks and bruises from constant wearing of "tools of ignorance".

EDDIE MCGAH

Catcher

Born, Sept. 30, 1921 in Oakland, Calif. Stands 6 ft, 183. Right-handed. Married. Last full season in organized ball was 1941 with Oneonta, Class C. Can-American League when he hit .329. Then entered Navy.

Lacked major league experience for regular work this season, but rated fine prospect. Is fast fielding his position and running bases.

LEON CULBERSON

Outfield

Born Aug. 6, 1919, Adairsville, Ga. Stands 5-10 1/2, 180. Right-handed. Married. Came to Red Sox in '43 from Louisville. Hit .272, .238 and .275 last three years.

Extremely valuable this season as reserve third-baseman and part-time right fielder. Very fast, good right-hand hitter with power to left field.

Attended Georgia Tech two years. Hobbies are hunting and golf. Enjoyed biggest baseball day when he hit for cycle in Cleveland, July 5, 1943 . . . bashing out in success, single, double, triple and home run in spacious Stadium. Circled bases on homer inside park on sheer speed alone.

BOB KLINGER

Pitcher

Born June 4, 1910, Allentown, Mo. Stands 6 feet, 190. Grey eyes and brown hair. Right-handed. Entered U. S. Navy April 1944, through 1945 season.

Spent six years with Pittsburg. Best season, 1938, when he won 12 and dropped five. Came to Red Sox this Spring, called upon time-and-again with pressure on, to deliver for Joe Cronin.

TED WILLIAMS

Outfielder

Theodore Samuel "The Kid". Born Oct. 30, 1918 at San Diego, Calif. Stands 6-3, 180. Throws right and bats left-handed. Married. Hobbies: hunting and fishing.

Led A.L. in '41, with .406 mark. Also led loop in '42. Led league in homers, '41—'42. Runs, batted in, '39 and '42; Total bases, '39 and '42. Hit home run to win 1941 All-Star game in 9th inning. Named on All-Star teams, '39, '40, '41 and '42. Named Number One major league player of year, in '41 and '42.

Entered Navy (Aviation) May, '42. Commissioned Ensign May '44. Four-year major league stick mark—.356 All-Star game record, .300 (Three years).

Considered greatest natural hitter since Joe Jackson. Bill Dickey said, "sharpest hitting eyes I ever caught behind."

TOM McBRIDE

Outfield

Born at Bonham, Tex., Nov. 2, 1915. Now makes home at Sherman, Tex. Stands 6 ft, 180. Right-handed. Is married, two children.

Batted .245 in '44, but rose to .305 in 100 games last year. Hits left-handers especially well. Was track star at Austin College, Texas.

Came to Red Sox from Little Rock for tryout in 1943. Line drive type of batsman. He batted in six runs in one inning for Red Sox, Aug. 5, 1945 against the Senators, tying league mark.

EDDIE PELLAGRINI

Infielder

Is 22, 5-9, 160. Right-handed. Is married. Boston boy, from Dorchester. Chosen three consecutive years, the "All-Boston" shortstop from Roxbury Memorial, "Pelly" hit the organized ball trail in the Sox chain.

Danville, Bi-State League, saw him first, where he made the loop's All-Star team in '38. Thence to Canton, Ohio, of the Mid-Atlantic. Hit .302, again All-League shortstop.

1940 saw "Pelly" with Scranton, Pa., hitting .259, but most of blows for extra bases. Has plenty power for small-sized youth. Stroked .283 for San Diego in '41.

Entered Navy, spring of '42, discharged last November. Comes from family of 10. This year hit home run first trip to plate against Yanks. Followed this three days later hitting, double, triple and home run against New Yorkers at Fenway.

DAVE FERRISS

Pitcher

Born Shaw, Miss., Dec. 5, 1921. Bats left, throws right. Stands 6-2, 205. Attended Mississippi State College three years. Started out as second baseman in high school.

Joined Greensboro in Class C Carolina League in '42. Went into Army at close of season. Discharged Feb. 26, '45 due to asthmatic condition.

Won 21 games as "freshman" for Red Sox last year. Proved this season to all that he was not just another "war time" prospect.

Dave's sister, Mary Ann, 18, is three-times Mississippi women's state tennis champion. Is ambidextrous, can throw with either hand. Made All-Star team last year.

MICKY HARRIS

Pitcher

Born Jan. 30, 1917, New York, N. Y. Stands 6 feet, 178. Throws and bats left-handed. Married. Hobbies, golf and fishing and 'hep' music.

Led Eastern League in won and lost percentage, 1939, and earned-run average, 1940. Came through as "Number 3" chucker for Joe Cronin this year, after spending four full years in Army. Pitched against and beat Yankees, May 12, before 69,401 in his 'home town' as a Mother's Day present for his own mother.

PAUL SCHREIBER

Practice Pitcher

Stands 6-4, 202 . . . Was up with Brooklyn in 1923 . . . as a pitching nominee . . . Pitched a curve and his arm 'went' with it. Pitched semi-pro ball around New York until the Yanks took him on as a 'batting practice' chucker back in 1937.

Has collected World Series checks galore for facing the DiMaggio's, Keller, etc., in pre-game drill.

CLEM DREISEWERD

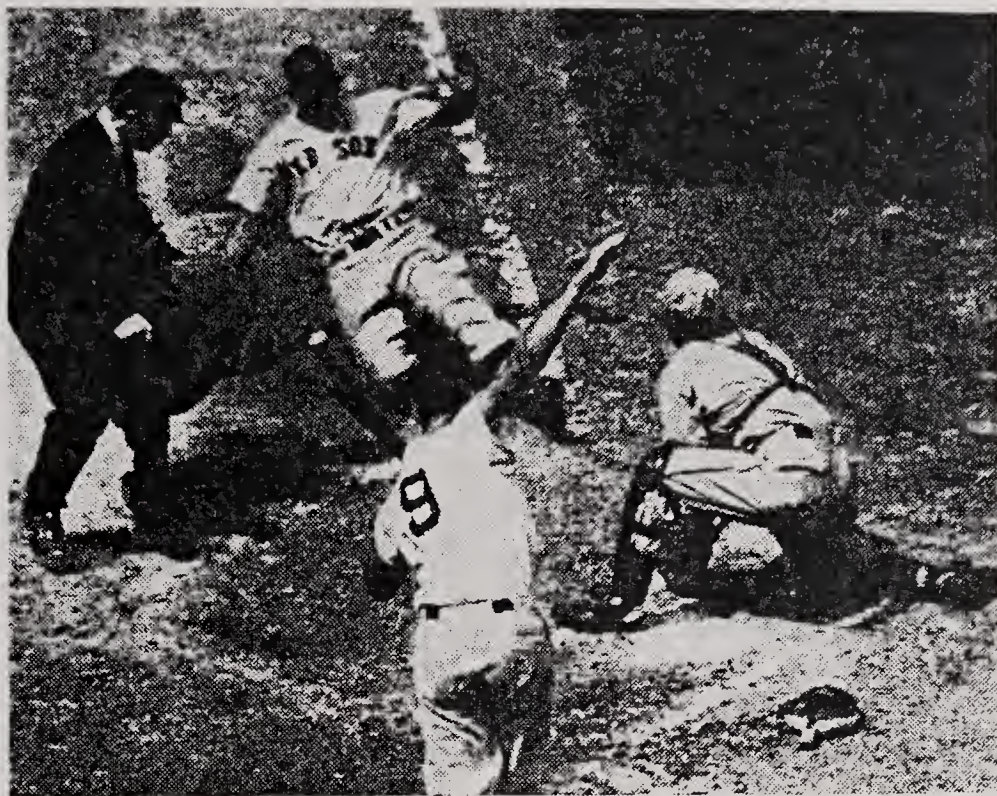
Pitcher

Born in Old Monroe, Mo. Jan. 24, 1916. Stands 6-1½, 195. Left-handed. Home in New Orleans, La. Was with Red Sox in 1945, losing one, winning none, before entering Army.

Dreisewerd was purchased by the Sox late in 1944 from the Sacramento club of the Pacific Coast League. He had won 20 and dropped nine at the time.

Was extremely valuable through mid-season of this year for fine relief work. Called "Icicles" by teammates.

The old hustle—Pesky
 hits the dirt on a signal
 from Williams, but he was
 tagged out by St. Louis's
 Frank Mancuso. Ump
 is Joe Rue.



WALLY MOSES *Outfield*

Born, Oct. 8, 1910, Uvalda, Ga. Stands, 5-10, 160. Left-handed. Married.

Tied for most triples and stole 56 bases, 1943. Has been with Athletics and White Sox, prior to joining Red Sox at mid-season, this year. Has life-time stick mark of .300 for 11 years in majors.

Was termed outstanding rookie in majors in first year with A's, 1935. Noted for speed in outfield and on sacks.

JOHNNY PESKY *Shortstop*

Born, Portland, Ore., Sept. 27, 1919. Stands 5-9½, 165. Throws right and bats left-handed. Married.

Chosen Most Val. Player, in Amer. Ass'n, '41. Collected 205 hits in '42, tying major league mark for first-yearman. Named to Sporting News All Team, '42.

Spent '1943,' '44 and '45 in Navy. Rose from clubhouse boy in Portland, Ore., to majors' outstanding shortstop. Hit safely 11 straight times this season to come within one of record, 12.

GLEN "RIP" RUSSELL *Infielder*

Born, Jan. 26, 1916 at Gardena, Calif. Stands 6-1, 175. Right-handed. Lives at Artesia, Calif. Married.

Came to Sox from Los Angeles, where he played 157 games in 1945, hitting .342, ranking third among Coast League hitters. Entered organized ball in 1935 with Ponca City. Had two previous flings with the Chicago Cubs and one with Phils.

MIKE RYBA *Pitcher*

Born, June 9, 1904, Delancey, Pa. Stands 5-11½, 195. Right-handed. Polish. Married. Hobbies: bowling, fishing and hunting.

Labeled "Mike" by Bill McKechnie. Attended St. Francis College, Loretta, Pa., two years. Termed "One-Man Ball Club" when in Cardinal chain. At Columbus and Houston, pitched, caught, played both infield and outfield, and acted as manager and ticket-taker.

Won 52 and dropped 33 games in major leagues. President of "Bull-Pen A. C."

EDDIE COLLINS *General Manager*

Born May 2, 1887, Millerton, N. Y. A.B. at Columbia University, 1907. Signed with Athletics upon graduation. Hit safely in all five World Series games with Cubs, 1910. Married Mabel Doane of Webster, Mass. 1910.

Chased (but not caught) by Heinie Zimmerman, Giants, across home plate for game-clinching run for White Sox, final game, World Series, 1917. Enlisted in Marines, 1918.

May 2, 1930. Final appearance as a player on 43rd birthday, got hit off Dan MacFayden. All-time record . . . 25 years of active service, one more than Cobb.

Called greatest second baseman of all time and named to Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, for his 'greatest thrill'.

Lifetime batting average for 25 years .333. Member of 3,000-hit club, with 3,313. Greatest 'find' as Red Sox general manager, "his boy", Ted Williams.

JIM BAGBY, Jr.

Pitcher

Just passed 30th birthday. Born in Cleveland. 6-2, 180. Blue eyes, brown hair. Throws and bats right-handed. Married, three children. Son of James C. "Sarge" Bagby, ex-Cincinnati, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, chucker.

Outstanding performances . . . Tied major league record held by Walter Johnson by defeating one club, Detroit, by 1 to 0 score three times in 1943. Led league in innings pitched and hits allowed, '43. Led loop in games started (35) in 1942 and tied with 33 in '43.

Entered U. S. Merchant Marine, April 26, 1944. One of greatest thrills came when he defeated the Yankees in his First Major League Start, April 18, 1938 on Opening Day. Hobby is cartooning.

PAUL CAMPBELL

First Base

Home in Charlotte, N. C. Born there. Stands 5-10, 168, bats left and throws left-handed. Is 29 years old. Was a fine minor league ball player in Southern and International Leagues.

Extraordinarily fast. Fine base stealer in all minor loops.

Spent hitch in U. S. Army.

PINKY HIGGINS

Third Base

Born May 27, 1909, Red Oak, Tex. Stands 6-1, 190. Right-handed. Married. Graduate, Univ. of Texas.

Established major league record for most hits in succession, 12, in 1938. Hit three home runs in single game, twice. Hit for cycle, Aug. 1933. Accepted 10 chances at third in World Series game and 34 in seven-game series, both records.

Was previously with Sox in '37 and '38, being traded to Detroit. Returned this year.

MACE BROWN

Pitcher

Born in N. English, Iowa. Is 36, 6-1, 190. Right-hand hitter and thrower. Home is in Greensboro, N. C. Was great relief chucker with Pittsburgh Pirates. Spent three years at the University of Iowa. Left to join Cardinal chain. Pitching in relief for the Red Sox in 1943, Mace, finished second in the ERA tabulation at 1.59.

In Navy, March 1944, to January, 1946. Has family of two children. Loves baseball and while in twilight of career, may forego playing for umpiring.

DON GUTTERIDGE

Third Base

Born Pittsburgh, Kan., June 19, 1913. Bats right, throws right. Is 5-10, 165. Left St. Louis Browns to manager Toledo Mud Hens in '46.

Purchased by Red Sox from Toledo, July 9 for 'infield insurance'. Helped Browns win flag in '44, playing 148 games at second base.

JOE CRONIN

Manager

Born San Francisco, Calif. Oct. 12, 1906. Batted and threw right-handed. Stands 5-11½, 180. (As player). Has life-time batting mark of .301 over 20 full years in majors. Totalled 2285 hits.

Won flag in first year as manager of Washington Senators, 1933. Sold to Red Sox in 1934 for \$150,000 and Lyn Lary. Manager of Sox since.

As player led American League in doubles twice, triples once. Chosen most valuable player in American League in 1930 by Sporting News.

Is married, and has two boys. Makes home in Newton. Stands ace high with Owner Tom Yawkey, whose confidence in the Frisco' Irishman is finally rewarded. Said Yawkey time and again, "I have stated before that Joe can manage any ball club I own as long as he likes."

TOM DALY

Scout

One of the most popular gentlemen ever to play and coach in the American League. Now a Red Sox scout. Daly, a graduate of Rindge Tech, Cambridge, won world-wide renown when he hit a home run before King George of England during a world tour by the White Sox and Giants in 1914. Daly was a member of Chicago team at the time.

He was with White Sox, Cleveland and Chicago Cubs in majors. Came up from Toronto of International League to coach under Joe Cronin in 1933.

DEL BAKER

Coach

Born Sherwood, Ore. Is 54, 5-11, 170. Graduated from Business College in Portland, Ore. Manager, Beaumont, Texas League, Coach, Detroit. Named Manager Detroit Aug. 6, 1938. Released as Tiger manager, Nov. 24, 1942 and signed as coach of Cleveland, Dec. 28, '42. Resigned, Oct. 2, 1944 and signed as coach of Red Sox, Oct. 26, '44. Served in U. S. Navy in 1918.



The famous and effective DiMaggio stance at the plate.

●

TOM CAREY
Coach

Born Hoboken, N. J. Bats and throws right-handed. Was in Navy through '44 and '45 seasons.

Picked off a New Jersey semi-pro club in 1929 when spotted by Paul Krichell, famed Yankee ivory hunter. Sent to Chambersburg, Blue Ridge League, but drafted by Houston of St. Louis Cards' chain. Finally escaped Branch Rickey's claws to play with Browns under Rogers Hornsby.

Came to Red Sox in 1939.

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JOHNNY LAZOR
Outfielder

Born Nov. 9, 1915, Taylor, Wash. Home in Renton, Wash. 5-9, 180. Married, two children. Bats left, throws right.

First with Red Sox for spell in 1944. Batted .310 in 101 games in 1945, playing outfield. His outstanding performances in organized ball include hitting four home runs in double-header, while playing for Canton, Ohio, Middle-Atlantic league.

BILL ZUBER
Pitcher

Born, March 26, 1915 at Amana, Iowa. 6-2½, 198. Right-handed. Married.

Signed this mid-Summer after release by New York Yankees. Made spectacular debut in Sox uniform, blanking other former teammates, Cleveland Indians, 6 to 0, granting three singles. Had not pitched a ball for a month, prior to this start.

Bill came up with Cleveland Indians in '36, was farmed out, returned and since pitched with the Senators and Yanks.

Finally placed on inactive list by New York, called Joe Cronin asking for a job and got it immediately.

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Continued from Page 13

off" from the start and were married in Lynn in June, 1943, after Pesky had been commissioned an ensign.

Mrs. Pesky had been in Lynn throughout the 1942 season, when Johnny had been winning the title of year's best rookie, "but she hardly even knew there was a game called baseball." Now she's a real fan. She hasn't missed a game this year and she's learning to keep score.

Referring back to Johnny's crack about his "child bride" it should be recorded that he's just two years older than his comely wife. He'll be 27 in September and she'll be 25 the same month.

They "commute" together to the ball games by bus, "except once in a while we get a ride from Ruth's brother in his automobile." Johnny hasn't had to get to the ball game until noon this home stay, because a groin injury has prevented him from taking batting practice. The way he's going. Pesky couldn't be blamed if he should forget batting practice forever.

Johnny says he received the equivalent of a college education in the Navy. "I'm not very brilliant, you know. But I kept my eyes and ears open and couldn't help learning." He was an operations officer with considerable service in the Pacific, but he says he learned a lot about machinery and other practical phases of the flying business.

Johnny's devotion to Ted Williams is one of his outstanding attributes. "Ted's exceptional in every way."

"His reaction time is phenomenal. He's just a phenomenal guy. I'm about normal in everything."

The Senators, with Joe Cronin in the villain's role, ruined the opening festivities on April 17, 1934, winning from the Sox, 6 to 5. Oddly enough, this game, like the opener in 1912, went 11 innings.

About five years later Tom did some more remodeling, this time in the reconstruction of the famous "Williamsburg" area. The bull pens were placed in front of the right field bleachers and the whole thing moved closer to the playing field. This change proved to be of no great advantage to left-handed hitters and it made for a sightlier playing field. As presently constructed the foul pole in left is 315 feet from the plate; in right it is only 302 feet, but it circles back rapidly and is 380 feet to the Sox bull pen. At the deepest part in right-center it is 420 feet and at the flagpole 379. Seating capacity is 34,474.

In 1936 to save windows on Lansdowne st., including those in rooster Bill Huddleston's eating establishment and also to save baseballs, a net was erected atop the left field wall.

Going back into the history of the club we find that the original field at Huntington av. was one of the best in the majors. In fact, the infield sod from that park was transplanted to Fenway to insure a smooth playing surface. The club was organized in 1901 and backed by Charles W. Somers of Cleveland, who "angeled" many American League teams. Henry J. Killilea of Milwaukee then purchased the franchise and in 1904 he sold his interest to Gen. Chas. H. Taylor of the Globe. His son, John I. Taylor, was elected president, a position he held until the Fall of 1911 when James R. McAleer and Robert McRoy purchased a half interest and the former became president. Mr. Taylor was elected vice president.

At Huntington av., the club won the pennant in 1903 and 1904. In '03 they defeated Pittsburgh for the first world championship and in 1904 the Giants refused to play the post-season series.

After winning the flag and world title in 1912 the club was sold in 1913 to Joe Lannin and under the aggressive leadership of Bill Carrigan won pennants in 1915 and 1916 together with the World Series gold.

Then came the disastrous Harry Frazee era. Although this theatrical magnate had a championship team in 1918 under Ed

Barrow's leadership, he sold the cream of the Sox players to the Yankees. Ruth, Mays, Lewis, Dugan, Scott, Bush, Hoyt, were among the group.

Theatrical failures—this was before he hit the jackpot with "No, No, Nanette" with its "Tea for Two"—caused most of Frazee's financial troubles and brought about the sales that set the Red Sox back many years. Old-timers will recall the posters at the entrances to Fenway advertising Frazee's latest comedies such as "His Lady Friends." A disgusted wag was heard to remark one day, "Those are the only friends he's got."

In 1924 the desperate American League officials induced Bob Quinn, then the very successful business manager of the Browns, to take over, backed by Midwest money. The early death of the principal backer left Bob high and dry and with beastly luck in the way of rainy holidays and a disastrous fire that wiped out the left-field bleachers he sold out to Yawkey. With Eddie Collins as business manager, the club bought star players with the same speed that Frazee had sold them.

FENWAY PARK RECOLLECTIONS
—Speaker playing just behind second base, grabbing those line "singles" for putouts and ranging deep for those over-the-head catches. . . . Our great middle gardeners, "Spoke," Oliver, Flagstead, Strunk, Walker, Cramer and Dom. . . . Also the shortstops, rifle-armed Heinie Wagner, who wore shin guards under his stockings and blocked off the likes of Cobb and Moriarty. . . . the steady going Scotty, what a fielder! . . . Cronin, Lake, Pesky. . . . the great Wood-Johnson duel in 1912 . . . won by Smoky Joe 1 to 0 in a run engineered by the famous Speaker-Lewis duo.

The hectic 10th inning of the final game in the 1912 World Series . . . the Giants scoring in their half and taking a 2-1 lead behind the great Matty. . . . Then—Engle batting for Wood and flying to Snodgrass who muffed it for a two-base error. . . . The same Snodgrass then making a circus catch off Hooper's drive. . . . Yerkes walking and Speaker popping an easy foul that dropped between Meyers and Merkle. . . . Then Spoke hitting safely scoring Engle with the tying run and sending Yerkes to third from where he scored the winning run on Gardner's fly.

Harry Hooper's bare handed catch of Larry Doyle's long fly in that same final

game. . . . One of baseball's greatest matches. . . . It saved a home run that would have given the game and series to New York in nine innings. . . . The small crowd at the last game, 16,970. . . . The Sox were belted 11 to 4 on the previous day.

The great Sox pitching staffs in the 1915-16 era . . . Shore, Foster, Wood, Leonard, Mays, Ruth, Wood, Gregg, Jones. . . . Did any team ever have a better collection? . . . Foster pitched a no-hitter against New York in 1916 and got a bonus from Joe Lannin. . . . Dutch Leonard came right back and twirled a no-hitter against St. Louis. . . . Incidentally it was here that Walter Johnson pitched his only no-hitter, July 1, 1920. . . . In 1917 Shore pitched a "no-man-leave" game after relieving Ruth who had been ejected from the game after walking the first batter.

The Royal Rooters and their band who followed the Red Sox in every World Series but got the leg from the Sox management on Columbus Day in the 1912 series. . . . Seats had been reserved for them in the bleacher section on Duffy's Cliff but that day when they made their usual march onto the field after just arriving from New York they found their seats occupied and were forced to huddle behind the temporary fence in center field. . . . There was plenty of squawking over that, my friends.

The hitting and pitching of Babe in 1918. . . . The abbreviated season. . . . The World Series with the Cubs and starring George Whiteman, obscure and veteran "rookie." . . . The antics of the outfielders of the Quinn administration. . . . The efforts of Bill Carrigan to get something out of the sad lineups.

The battles with the Tigers . . . Cobb, Bush, Delehanty, Moriarty. . . . the great 1 to 0 victory Shore scored over Coveleskie. . . . The day Mays "dusted" Cobb off and Ty threw his bat at him. . . . The mounted cops escorting Ty off the field after the game. . . . Nobody dozed in the stands when the Georgia Peach came to town No World Series here in '15 and '16. . . . They shifted to more spacious Braves Field.

The triple play ball that Cronin lined off Hale's noggin in 1935. . . . The ball was caught by shortstop Knickerbocker on the fly, relayed to Hughes at second and Trosky at first erasing three Red Sox. . . . The bases were filled at the time. . . .

Werber taking two bases on a base on balls against Detroit and diving headlong into the enemy dugout to catch foul flies.

Ted Williams throwing his bat up on the backstop before a game and climbing up after it like a circus performer, scaring the pre-game customers to death. . . . The terrific guns third basemen Bobby Reeves and Jim Tabor used for arms. . . . And the sweet and easy "trolley wire" throws of Larry Gardner. . . . Charlie Berry blocking the plate on Ruth and Babe hurtling through the air and being rushed to the hospital. . . . Bill "Rough" Carrigan blocking the plate on Cobb.

The enemy hitters that ruined our left-field wall . . . led by Cronin of Washington . . . Bob Johnson's "sit-down" catches . . . like Hooper's patented grabs sliding on his knees . . . Cramer's diving-in elbow clutches . . . Wolfie Jacobs, first announcer, and "Stonewall" Jackson who pranced along the aisle exhorting the fans like a college cheer leader . . . finicky fans protested and the management decided to give him the announcer's job to keep him on the field. . . . "Stonewall," however, after his hike down to right field, calling off the batteries, placed the megaphone in a box, vaulted the rail and went back to leading the cheers for his beloved Red Sox . . . thus defeating the good intentions of the management.

Babe Ruth's first "day" . . . given by the Pere Marquette Council, K. of C. . . . Babe winning the game with a homer in the ninth. . . . what a "come-through" guy . . . Hit a homer over the fence in front of the old right field bleachers in his early days with the team. . . . An almost unheard of feat at the time.

The pigeons, and recalling that Elias Flunk denied he chased a pigeon instead of the ball. . . . Hal Peck pegging ball in last year and killing a pigeon on the wing in right field. . . . "Megaphone Lolly"—Mrs. Hopkins, loyal rooter, who answers Red Hoffman's change in the lineup with—who? Thank you."

Among the veterans around the park are Frank Mondello who has been selling scorecards since Candy Lachance with his handle bar mustachios scooped in Fred Parent's Brows at Huntington av. . . . Elmer Foote and his bull pen "sun fans", who always sit behind the Red Sox relief coop and with whom Mike Ryba is the No. 1 Red Sox. . . . They banquet Mike and a few selected players every year. . . . With Elmer's group is Roy Green, who

as a boy, chased The Garouche carrying the players from the Quincy House, all the way to Huntington av., and Walpole st. . . . Also in the right field section is the Sinatra of the fans, Kid Parker. . . . His touching rendition,—helped some by the golden voice of Speedy Colombo—of “Till We Meet Again” on the occasion of Bobby Doerr’s going into the Army, was real “theater.” . . . In a box on the first base side of the screen Joe Geary never misses a game. . . . Win Carlson, old pitcher, has been on the press gate for years.

Summed up, the Sox won four flags at Fenway Park. They never lost a World Series. Lewis, Hooper and Speaker rank as the greatest all-around outfield trio of all time. Joe Wood, on his 1912 record, 34 victories, 16 of them in a row, stands out as the top Fenway hurler. He fanned 258. His fast ball compared favorably with Walter Johnson’s. Babe Ruth, the game’s greatest slugger, was developed here. Jimmy Foxx hit some of the longest balls in history over the net in left field. Ted Williams is the greatest hitter in the game, maybe the greatest of all time. Conductor—Strike up with “Tessie”!

BOSTON AMERICAN LEAGUE
BASEBALL COMPANY

(Operating Boston Red Sox)



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Boston Red Sox
Minor League Affiliates

1946



<i>Team</i>	<i>Class</i>	<i>Manager</i>
Louisville (AA)	AAA	Harry Leibold
New Orleans (Southern)	AA	John Peacock
Scranton (Eastern)	A	Elmer Yoter
Lynn (New England)	B	Tom Kennedy
Roanoke (Piedmont)	B	Eddie Popowski
Durham (Carolina)	C	"Pat" Patterson
Oneonta (Canadian American)	C	John "Red" Marion
Milford, Del. (Eastern Shore)	D	Walter Millies

Scouting Force

GEORGE TOPORCER, *Director of Minor League Operations*
CHARLES NEIBERGALL, *Long Island City, N. Y.*
ERNIE JOHNSON, *Santa Ana, Calif.*
CHARLES WALLGREN, *San Francisco, Calif.*
"HANK" SEVEREID, *San Antonio, Texas*
JOE BECKER, *Joplin, Missouri*
FRED HUNTER, *Columbus, Ohio*
MAURICE DELOOF, *Detroit, Michigan*
ED WOPPERER, *Buffalo, N. Y.*
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PAUL DECKER, *Norfolk, Va.*
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JACK EGAN, *Cranston, R. I.*
BILL BARRETT, *Boston, Mass.*
NEIL MAHONEY, *Boston, Mass.*
HUGH DUFFY, *Director of Red Sox Baseball School*

Cover Design By
GENE MACK, Cartoonist, Boston Globe

FENWAY PARK, 24 JERSEY STREET, BOSTON
Seating Capacity — 35,000



Right Field Foul Line	302 Feet
Right Centre Field	380 Feet
Centre Field	420 Feet
Left Centre Field (Flag Pole) . .	379 Feet
Left Field Foul Line	315 Feet



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All Stars Come to Fenway Park on July 9



In addition to the regular All Star game, the service All Stars played the stars of the American League at Cleveland, July 7, 1942. The Leaguers defeated the service men, 5-0.



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